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PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

EDITORIAL

COME HOME TO ROOST

The rewards of empire are many, but there are penalties as well. For years successive U.S. Administrations have played the "emigration card" against Communist and revolutionary governments in an attempt to provoke social conflict over there and whip up patriotic enthusiasm at home. When Hungarians or Vietnamese or Cubans leave their lands, they are not merely unhappy exiles but become "voters with their feet" in referendums rigged by the rules of the cold war.

What the card players always seem to forget, however, is that the emigration ploy is a zero-sum game and that what one side gives up, the other must eventually take. The conflicts that America has sown abroad come back with the people on the boats. South Florida, for instance, is now a permanent base of Caribbean counterrevolution that can determine U.S. policy and deter moderating efforts in the region. And it is also a battleground for all the elements who chose "freedom" for its economic opportunities: the shopkeepers and the shoplifters, the Coke bottlers and the coke dealers.

The sad story of the Cuban immigrants who laid siege to Federal jails in Louisiana and Georgia began in 1980 with a minor bit of Castro-bashing by Jimmy Carter, who was up for re-election against a real hard-liner. A group of Cubans who wanted to leave the island were holed up in the Peruvian Embassy in Havana. Carter saw a propaganda opportunity and attacked Cuba's restrictive emigration policy. Castro called his bluff by dumping 125,000 Marielitos in Florida. Several thousand of those immigrants were never integrated into American society. They have been mistreated for years by an Administration that values them more as pawns than as people. Now they're voting again, with their voices instead of their feet. Unfortunately, it's another referendum they cannot win.

THE DANCE OF DEBT
Penny Lernoux

BLACKLISTING VANESSA REDGRAVE
Marjorie Heins

LETTER FROM EUROPE
Daniel Singer

C.I.A. PROFS
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ORDERING CHAOS
David Park

SUPREME COMMANDERS
Geoffrey Field

BEYOND I.N.F.

THE PEACE MOVEMENT'S NEXT TASK

E.P. THOMPSON

Mikhail Gorbachev's arrival this week in the United States and the agreement to remove intermediate-range missiles from Europe signal the possibility of a new stage in postwar history, an end to the cold war and its stale categories.

Seven years ago I sketched the first draft of an Appeal for European Nuclear Disarmament. It was then revised and improved by several hands, signed by many thousands and issued at the end of April 1980. If we were sitting down to write this appeal today, what would we change? On the central disarmament demand—the removal of all nuclear weapons and bases from Europe—we would change nothing. Dismissed by our opponents as impractical and extremist when it was first made, this demand is now the central point on the negotiating table between the superpowers. I do not know whether this means that we are winning or only that certain persons, in response to our pressure, have adjusted their rhetoric and retuned their images. We shall see.

In any case, this is a moment to enlarge our demands. The emphasis of an appeal today would not be focused so exclusively upon nuclear weapons, or upon particular weapons systems—an emphasis that, at the height of the Euromissile crisis, became almost obsessional. We are already addressing more directly today questions of conventional armories also, and of the foul trade in these arms. The accident at Chernobyl has raised nuclear power to a higher place on our agenda. And in drafting an appeal today, we would be more careful to make clear the ways in which our European concerns relate to global nonaligned strategies and to refute the

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EXCHANGE.

WHAT IS ECOFEMINISM?

New York City

Like most other feminists who read *The Nation* consistently, I don't think we get enough coverage, so I was especially pleased to see an extensive account of what I believe to be one of the most important wings of the movement—ecofeminism—in your September 26 issue. But Kirkpatrick Sale's treatment of it ["Ecofeminism—A New Perspective"] would confirm every negative stereotype a *Nation* reader might have upon hearing the term "ecofeminism."

Ecofeminism is indeed a critical social movement, representing the convergence of two of the most important contemporary movements, feminism and ecology. But Sale's account made ecofeminism sound more like a puddle of jello than a "Cutting Edge," despite the fact that it was in his political series by that name. While his piece reads like an objective, authoritative account, it is full of factual errors. He misrepresents the history and theory of ecofeminism in a way that serves his own agendas in the Green movement. Further, I wonder why he bases so much on a conference *he did not attend*. Because he wasn't there, he concludes with a quote from Grace Paley that he attributes to Irene Diamond.

Sale's first paragraph asserts, "It has taken a long time to work itself through," but "feminism and ecology have begun to come together in a fruitful way at last." In fact, although Sale writes about it as if it began last week, ecofeminism is over ten years old. I began writing about and teaching classes on ecofeminism at the Institute for Social Ecology in 1976; Susan Griffin's book *Woman and Nature* was published in 1978 (she had obviously begun working on it several years before that); and Donna Warnock began an ecofeminist resource clearinghouse (Feminist Resources on Energy and Ecology, or FREE) at the Syracuse Peace Center in the late 1970s. Also in the late 1970s, Pat Hynes and other ecofeminists founded Women in Solar Energy (WISE).

Sale asserts that it is "too easy to speak of ecofeminism as a movement." Here again, he doesn't know what he's talking about. In the late 1970s ecofeminist study and action groups began to form around the country, initiating a popular movement. We have played a powerful role in the antinuclear, appropriate technology, organic farming, clean water and anti-toxic waste movements, always confronting sexism in the movements, insisting on a critical ecofeminist perspective on the origins of the problems and broadening the area of concerns of feminism to include ecology and peace.

In 1979, following the meltdown at Three Mile Island, WBAI news director Celeste Wesson, writer and peace activist Grace Paley, Anna Gyorgy of the Clamshell Alliance, Christina Rawley and Nancy Jack Todd of the New Alchemy Institute, New York City artist Deborah Gaventa and I organized a conference—Women and Life on Earth: Ecofeminism in the '80s. We had to close registration at 800, all women. Over three days there were 200 workshops and three major plenaries on issues, theory and action/future directions.

Out of the last session of the Conference on Women and Life on Earth came the Women's Pentagon Action, the genesis of a radical direct-action, antimilitarist, ecological feminist movement in this country and an inspiration to women around the world. We have sought to connect apparently discrete issues and work from the understanding that the domination of nature and the domination of persons are inextricably connected, and that we should make that connection continuously in our theory and practice. That has led us to invent new forms of political action, often informed by art and theater, which have allowed us to demonstrate these connections and cause other groups to make these connections in their theory and practice.

Also in 1979, *Heresies*, the feminist magazine on art and politics, convened a collective that worked for three years to put out a definitive issue of work in art and theory connecting feminism and ecology. It is still in print, and my essay on ecofeminist theory, "Feminism and the Revolt of Nature," which originally appeared in that issue, has been reprinted in many publications and six languages. Feminist artists have continued to be at the forefront of ecofeminism, conjuring up continuously imaginative ways of reinforcing the relationship of people to nature, developing an ecological sensibility and claiming ecology as a feminist concern.

The Conference on Women and Life on Earth inspired women in the United States, Japan and England to hold major conferences of several hundred women each over the three years following it. Most of the ecofeminist organizations and affinity groups are decentralized, and it is impossible to cite all of them here, but we have initiated many other projects, including the Women's Environmental Health Network coordinated by ecofeminist writer and activist Lin Nelson, and the We All Live Downstream water project of Barbara Harmony and other ecofeminists (including a few men) in Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

I believe that ecofeminism has been both misunderstood and ignored by the left, and it is ironic that when a national democratic socialist magazine finally prints an account of our movement, it leaves out precisely those constitutive elements—in theory and practice—that connect us most to the left. Although most of us come from the left and maintain a commitment to the leftist projects of human liberation, historical analysis and an opposition to capitalism, we share the social anarchist critique of the economism, workerism and authoritarianism of a myopic socialism that has not challenged the domination of nonhuman nature or taken ecology seriously. We both extend and critique the socialist tradition, sharing with socialist feminist theory an analysis of patriarchy as independent of capitalism, and with cultural feminism an appreciation of traditional women's life and work. Also, taking ecology seriously has meant that we can't opt for a piece of a rotten, carcinogenic pie (like liberal feminists) or set up the woman/nature connection as the enemy of feminism. Connecting women to nature need not acquiesce to biological determinism (the legitimate fear of socialist feminists) if nature is understood as a realm of potential freedom for human beings—both women and men—who act in human history as part of the natural history of the planet, in which human intentionality and potentiality are an affirmed part of nature. I believe we can both affirm the Enlightenment for its powerful assertion of liberty, equality and fraternity and critique it for rationalizing nonhuman nature as dead matter intended solely for instrumental human ends and purposes.

Sale delivers certain "hallmarks of ecofeminist thought," none of which I would identify as such. Let me dispel his mistaken assertions.

"Goddess cultures" and "earth-based spirituality" are not the basis for ecofeminism.

For ecofeminists, left projects of human liberation and the liberation of nature are inextricably connected, as are the ecological and social crises. Ecofeminism is not a religion—it is a social movement concerned with human liberation, and the liberation of nonhuman nature. Many women who have been prominent in the feminist spirituality movement have come to identify with ecofeminism (and many of them, like Susan Griffin and Starhawk, are politically active, left-identified social anarchists), but many ecofeminists do not identify with Sale's first so-called hallmark of ecofeminist thought—goddess cultures. One need not believe in any form of deity or higher power to be an ecofeminist. On the other hand, one must be committed to the liberation of women and a critique of the structures of domination in the family, the state, the economy and movement political organizations, and struggle for a renewed respect and sense of connection to nonhuman nature.

Sale then goes on to represent the two major features of *his* Green politics, bioregionalism and deep ecology, as the other two "hallmarks of ecofeminist thought." He is trying to make these associations happen by his saying so, but they do not in fact exist.

To write, as Sale does, that "a significant

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EDITORIALS.

Gorbo Talks

There are two ways, it's clear by now, to respond to the phenomena of *perestroika* and *glasnost* in the Soviet Union: with openness or with fear, with a willingness to take risks or a recourse to old reflexes. In the days leading up to this week's summit, both have been spectacularly on display. To opt for openness leaves one vulnerable to that oldest and most familiar of charges: that we are the latest generation of dupes and Kremlin symps. So be it, if the alternative is to join the mounting chorus of Kirkpatricks and Brzezinskis, Kissingers and Eagleburgers who refuse to shed the ancient, turgid orthodoxies of the cold war.

The doomsayers always have a ready one-liner on their lips: Don't trust the Russians, it's all a sham, reform in the Soviet bloc is bad for the West. But there is no one-line answer that will explain the perplexing course of *perestroika* and the halting, contradictory efforts by the Soviet leadership to come to terms with the nation's historical memory. On the contrary, to coin a phrase, let a hundred flowers bloom; readers will find in these pages a diverse range of opinions on recent and incipient developments in the Soviet Union. Our only party line is that there is no party line.

The recent upheavals in the Politburo, centered on the dismissal of Moscow party chief Boris Yeltsin, illustrate the dilemma perfectly. The pundits had a field day with Yeltsingate, which brought out all the worst features of pop Sovietology. The media's ground rules, of course, are set up for the idiosyncracies of the American political carnival and not to measure a process of historic change in a vast, com-

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plex and still poorly understood society. The talk shows and Op-Ed pages assume that Americans have a truncated attention span (Tell us, in not more than 750 words or a thirty-second soundbite, what the Yeltsin affair means). Any responsible academic would have to admit, "I really can't say; it's too early to tell." But that makes lousy television.

Sadly, before the ink was dry on Yeltsin's self-criticism in *Pravda*, a whole welter of professional Soviet-watchers showed themselves eager to answer the call of the talk-show Rolodex. They announced that Gorbachev was a tool of the Stalinists, a doomed reformer, even a victim of cosmic forces. (Courtesy of Harvard University's Marshall Goldman we learned that "because of the large birthmark on his forehead, it was whispered that Gorbachev had been cursed by the devil and branded with the mark of Cain.") This kind of approach can be taken to ludicrous extremes. In Cambridge, they are now taking bets on how long Gorbachev will last—two years or three?

It is not only the Yeltsin affair that challenges our ability to extricate ourselves from the quagmire of oversimplifications and received truths. There can be no serious discussion of any of the issues on the summit table—whether Soviet conventional forces in Europe, Jewish emigration, Afghanistan or Nicaragua—without a willingness to take the opportunities that the Gorbachev era offers us and face up to the responsibility that it imposes. That involves intellectual risks, but it also promises the exhilaration of transcending a cold war past that has bound us for too long.

The built-in dangers of media punditry, of course, best serve those who are most anxious to put a hex on the summit. History gives us ample grounds for concern about last-minute sabotage: The U-2 affair torpedoed the 1960 Eisenhower-Khrushchev encounter; Nicholas Daniloff and the "spy dust" fiasco cast their shadow over Reykjavik last year; the "discovery" by Carter Administration hard-liners of a Soviet combat brigade in Cuba squelched the ratification of SALT II. Will last week's revelations of Soviet "cheating" on the ABM treaty be the 1987 version?

Tom Brokaw's hour with Gorbachev on NBC was a welcome departure from recent Kremlinology, but in the coming days we are likely to be treated to the same old gang that has suffocated our thinking about the Soviet Union for the past forty years: Jeane Kirkpatrick, retained by CBS as the voice of hardheaded skepticism; Henry Kissinger on *Nightline* as the Responsible Center. If we are looking for evidence of the glacial pace of the cold war thaw, we might look not only to Moscow and the conservatives' revenge over Boris Yeltsin but also to Washington and the dogged survival of the Brzezinskis, the Kissingers and all the other dreary apostles of the past.

Peace Movement

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

calumny that because we address the political problems proper to our continent, we are therefore "Eurocentric" and concerned only with saving our own white skins. This overlooks, among other matters, the fact that quite a lot of European skins today are black and the fact (which last year's bombing of Libya reinforced) that weapons systems, nuclear or conventional, deployed in Europe may as easily be unleashed toward Asia or Africa as against the purported foe.

Now more than ever the East/West cold war crisis is an unnecessary and obsolete crisis, and the sooner we can overcome it, the sooner resources will be released to address problems of greater urgency. The European and North American peace movements can realize their objectives only as partners within a global shift to nonalignment in which the abnormal bipolar division of power gives way to polycentric or plural diplomacies.

For the rest, we would—and we do—emphasize even more strongly what was already expressed in our 1980 appeal: that our objective goes beyond disarming weapons systems to the political conditions that engender this weaponry—the cold war. As we stated in the appeal: "We offer no advantage to either NATO or the Warsaw alliance. Our objectives must be to free Europe from confrontation, to enforce détente between the United States and the Soviet Union, and, ultimately, to dissolve both great power alliances."

It is now even more evident than it was then that questions of what politicians euphemistically call "defense" cannot usefully be addressed as if they are distinct from the political conditions of our existence. Indeed, as some actual progress in arms control becomes possible, so the political confrontation that underscores the weaponry becomes more visible, more intolerable and abnormal, and more accessible to our challenge.

The cold war has engendered its own inertia and its own interests. But it has, increasingly, become an ideological psychodrama whose crises arise independently of any objective clash of interests between the blocs, and sometimes even of the internal domestic needs of the antagonists. In the past seven years the psychodrama has passed through different phases. At the height of the Euromissile crisis, from 1981 to 1983, we witnessed a reversion to the worst McCarthyite and Stalinist hostilities of the cold war. Once again rival ideologues tried to prescribe that one might be for either peace or freedom; one could not be for both. Elements in the Communist apparatus sought to interfere in the affairs of the Western peace movements, while some Western politicians sought to turn "dissidents" in Communist countries into their fellow travelers.

In fact, all this cold war psychodrama had an ulterior objective, which had very little to do with the supposed enemy. This was to discipline and control domestic opposition. It was successfully done—although not without great difficulty—and was registered in the West in a series of electoral victories in West Germany, Italy, Britain and the United States, and in the Spanish referendum on NATO.

The psychodrama then entered a different phase. The antagonists relaxed; new speechwriters were hired. To our considerable surprise, they broke into the peace movement's files, carried off our speeches and demands and presented

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some of them as if they were their own. Of course we were not given any credit. We did not even get a percentage on the Grand Reykjavik Production, which plagiarized European Nuclear Disarmament's appeal and the platform of the U.S. freeze movement but went further than us both, announcing the imminent abolition of all nuclear weapons from planet Earth. And we will not be given any credit this week, either.

Very good, very fine. We do not mind if we are overlooked in the credits. We are not in this work for any kind of recognition or reward. We shall be very happy if the powers can get rid of all nuclear weapons without our help. We have other things on which we would like to spend our time. But until this week nothing has actually been done.

To be fair, one thing was done: The Soviet Union, over a long period, sustained a unilateral moratorium on nuclear weapons testing, for which it deserves our congratulations. Just as the United States, Britain and France deserve our condemnation for their total lack of response. But otherwise, until this week, nothing. The superpowers and their allies and clients have achieved less in any true peace process than has the tiny Pacific island of Palau and nuclear-free New Zealand.

In this past year, the psychodrama has changed to a new and bewildering form. It sometimes seems as if the cold war has walked through a mirror. Antagonists change places or swap each other's lines; images are reversed. Communist economic reformers (we are told) admire the rigor of Western monetarists, while Margaret Thatcher—the Iron Lady and the inheritor of Churchill's mantle—prepared for her general election by rushing over to the Soviet Union for a series of photo opportunities with Mikhail and Raisa Gorbachev. Mr. Gorbachev is awaited with an expectant hush in Central Europe as the agent of possible liberation from regimes once put in place by—Soviet tanks! President Reagan wanders inconsistently between one script and another, sometimes shouting insults across the Berlin Wall, sometimes, hand on heart, pledging to rid the world of nuclear weapons.

This script jumping and these dizzy reversals disclose that the cold war, as ideology, is now utterly exhausted of all realistic content. It is an inherited rhetoric that has persisted long after its historical moment has passed. It does not conform to people's daily experience; it is at odds with economic and cultural realities; it has no meaning for the young. This signals that we are entering a time when the structures established after the end of World War II are beginning to crumble. The abnormal bipolar division of the world is now held in place by the unwieldy armories and the alliances laid down in the later 1940s—by these and by an exhausted ideological script written forty years ago.

There is no possible human future in which one side or the other "wins" the cold war. We have come to the end of the cold war epoch, and the executors of the cold war will either destroy civilization in the attempt to cling to their own power and their ideological habits or they will give way before one of those untidy, transitional rapids of history, full of eddies and cross-currents, in which not one prescribed future but choices among different futures must be made. This is the world we entered, when the cold war went through the mirror. It is extraordinarily complex, extraordinarily challenging.

The transition from one script to another—from global, bipolar confrontation through polycentric diplomacies to cooperation—will entail moments of heightened tension and impulses to collapse back into the old texts. There is going to be work enough for peace movements to do. The discourse of minds across national frontiers—and most of all across the security and ideological divide between the blocs—will be critical to any choices among possible futures. And this discourse can never happen if the minds are suspected of acting as servants of armed states.

Our energies are already engaged in this, and we are heartened by the new flexibility and the new spaces for dialogue that appear to be opening in the Soviet Union. If there is to be a healing process or historical compromise between the blocs, then this will be one of the largest of historical transitions, far wider than anything even as widely based as the organized peace movement. We have to serve and facilitate a discourse that is larger than ourselves and in which trade and sport and music and art and a hundred activities all have their part. We must have the humility to acknowledge that a transition of this order cannot be packaged in a single program, nor can it be organized according to correct doctrines.

Finally, I have spoken about a possible future, after the end of the cold war. I must correct myself. For in the minds of living generations, and especially the young, the cold war has already passed. To be sure, the stereotypes formed in the Zhdanovite and McCarthyite zenith still throw their ghastly dusk upon the living mind and obscure the present view. But anyone alert to how young minds are moving within the Soviet Union or among its allies knows that they are not moving to that worn-out script any more than their counterparts are moving to that script in the West. There are green shoots everywhere, and on both sides, beneath the thawing cold war snows.

So, what we are working for is not some unprecedented change in human nature, some impractical utopian future. The world that we seek to realize is already here. It needs only the courage to throw off the shadows of the past, to show itself, to believe in its own existence. The ideologues offer to us a present that is already dead and that is dragging out a posthumous existence on the life-support system of militarism.

Human consciousness has changed and we have helped to change it. This has redrawn and enlarged the limits of the politically possible. Everywhere, and on both sides, people know that a profound change is about to come. It is our business to disclose the present as it really is.

E.P. Thompson is a British writer and historian and a founder of European Nuclear Disarmament. This is a revised version of a speech given to the E.N.D. convention at Coventry in July.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Cats and Bears: Practicing Left Politics in the Soviet Union

Moscow

A very fine cat act in the Moscow Circus was followed by a clown thoroughly above himself, as clowns so often are. Hypnotized by their own mythopoeic contour as simple savants with tears beneath the greasepaint smile, they hog the spotlight mercilessly while strong men and tumblers chafe offstage. Amid his ludic schmaltz this one gave lengthy speeches about peace, and I wished he could get eaten by the brawny bear I had seen in the Leningrad zoo, who had missed out on peaceful coexistence and snarled tremendously at visitors, saliva flecking the bars of his cage, in a manner suggestive of some Heritage Foundation poster about the Soviet menace.

Back in the center of town I ate at the Aragbi restaurant while Georgian songs boomed through the speakers. With neoclassical columns and frescoes in early nineteenth-century romantic style, the place would have been on the cusp of fashion in Manhattan, establishing once again that socialist realism of the Stalin period and postmodern aesthetic sensibility have much in common. Half-drowned by the stentorian wails of a ballad that turned out to have been one of Dzhugashvili's favorites, conversation centered on the Yeltsin affair. It was three days before Yeltsin's dismissal as Moscow party leader, and I had watched earlier that day as students and socialist reformers prepared public petitions urging that the books be opened on the fracas and citizens be made privy to the debates sequestered in party minutes.

Those students were in the Obshchina group, associated with the Federation of Socialist Clubs. I met four of them and listened uncomprehendingly as they cheerfully discussed their plans in Russian with my companion, Boris Kagarlitsky, himself one of the guiding spirits of the federation and an articulate exponent of socialist renewal.

The federation came into being in August, after a conference of reform groups, the first such sanctioned moot in the Soviet Union in over half a century. "As convinced proponents of socialism," so the federation's manifesto goes, "we support the goal of moving toward a classless society. . . . We see the formation of independent social groups and associations, and an increase in their influence, as one of the ways of developing a self-managed society and eliminating administrative and bureaucratic structures. . . . The success of the current reform movement depends on the level of mass support and participation that it encourages. The life and death of socialism in the U.S.S.R. hang on whether *perestroika* succeeds."

Among other endeavors, the federation aims "to switch the economy to self-management; to guarantee an effective mechanism of controlling the administrative system from below; to lease the social means of production, such as factories and workshops, to collectives of self-managing enterprises; to democratize the planning system; and to create conditions for the free development of all forms of socialist ownership." I spoke with Kagarlitsky about this project.

AC: *There's a tendency in the West to read all recent Soviet developments in terms of Gorbachev's initiatives, which is surely a naïve way of looking at events.*

BK: Under Brezhnev there was already some kind of bureaucratic pluralism, and today the power struggle is not more intense than in Brezhnev's last years, but it is more visible, because now we have *glasnost*.

There are bureaucratic institutions and groupings that have different political concepts. It's rather more of an American than a Western European type of pluralism. We have a one-party and the Americans a two-party system, but in the sense that interest groups are more important than the formal political machinery, a certain similarity becomes evident. In that way the Soviet system is evolving toward an Americanized system, with much more weight attached to lobbies, political groupings inside the structure, which impose political constraints on the elite. What is truly new is that grass-roots left-wing and right-wing tendencies are trying to influence that structure.

AC: *When did the socialist clubs here form?*

BK: It has been a spontaneous movement. Some of the groups that existed under Brezhnev were destroyed. They tried to re-emerge after his death, when some people got out of prison.

AC: *Like you.*

BK: Yes. I'd been in Lefortovo Prison in Moscow for thirteen months [April 1982 to April 1983] for publishing an underground magazine called *The Left Turn*. It's interesting that students joining the movement now, under *perestroika*, are trying to change the name of the socialist clubs' bulletin from *Eyewitness* to *The Left Turn* simply to demonstrate continuity. Some clubs came about spontaneously: for example Obshchina, which is one of the best and most critical, active and conscious. It's a student group, but some of its members are no longer students. Then there's another type of club, formed by people with political experience: for example the Club for Socialist Initiatives, which was set up to coordinate the actions of the left-wing clubs and promulgate the history of the left-wing movement inside the Soviet Union. In fact you could say that it is somewhat of a hegemonic cultural project, which thus far hasn't run into the ground.

AC: *So the present plan of the clubs is to develop reinvigorated socialist concepts and try to circulate them?*

BK: Yes, and to become a real factor, a real pressure group, in the decision-making process. In local issues the groups can have great effect. With global problems it's not so easy. We've managed to get a lot of people at the official level to accept our role as a pressure group and to recognize that under *perestroika* it is normal for such groups to exist. Even those who don't identify themselves with us see that it's necessary to have forces on the left to counterbalance the right. For such reasons we sometimes have some good opportunities presented to us by the authorities.

A confidential memorandum prepared by some Stalinists in the central committee of the Komsomol [the official

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Communist youth organization] indicated real fear at the emergence of the left-wing groups. They're not afraid of the Pamyat groups, the fascist groups, but of the left, which they see as a real challenge to the official structure of the Komsomol. We don't think in such terms, by the way. At our August conference we didn't even talk about the Komsomol.

AC: *How do you struggle politically for the federation's goals?*

BK: We have a lot of contacts with reformers in the higher echelon: academicians, the most left-wing reformers in official circles. But we are simultaneously trying to mobilize those at the grass roots, in whose participation we see the only possibility of saving *perestroika*. In official *perestroika* a draft proposal is prepared by experts. It accommodates the different tendencies, giving each one a piece of meat. Then the conservatives come in and amend the proposals. Finally the document goes to the Central Committee, to leaders who see the compromise as awful and reject the document. So it is rewritten once again, producing another mix, sometimes even worse. We don't believe in the bureaucratic game, but we do act as a kind of political lobby, influencing official reformers to produce better documents.

AC: *When you talk about the grass roots, what do you mean?*

BK: Workers and especially students. We get involved at the enterprise level, helping people set up workers' councils, which are now permitted but, all the same, have great difficulty in establishing themselves. We contact people at the administrative levels, trying to force them to allow us to go to the workers. If they allow us (sometimes because we have support from the party organs), we try to draft a good document on the rights of the workers' councils. We explain people's rights in electing representatives. We have made some headway in that direction. There is now some prospect of functioning workers' councils, which are not mere decoration on old structures. We criticize the statutes of some existing councils, which have been explicitly drafted to prevent those councils from becoming an active force.

On another front, we give lectures, organize seminars, advance social and historical education. We combat the right wing and criticize the pro-capitalist elements. These pro-capitalist groups are saying, We are the democratic movement. That is simply not true. They have a kind of alliance with the Stalinist wing of the party bureaucracy in the sense that the Stalinists hold them up as examples of the excesses of *perestroika*. From the left side we have more difficulty in pushing our positions into public circulation. There are Komsomol functionaries friendly to us. As far as publications are concerned, there's *Twentieth Century and Peace* and some possibilities at *Literary Gazette* and *Moscow News*, which is the most radical. We take our documents to the Novosti Press Agency, which sends the information to different newspapers, which usually don't publish it.

AC: *So how does all this affect your hopes for the future? Are you optimistic or pessimistic?*

BK: (*laughing*) I should say I'm not completely pessimistic. The balance of forces is moving slightly toward the more conservative end. If you try to change things you always get some kind of polarization. So the left is growing stronger, as are the extreme right and the conservatives, and the liberal-moderate tendencies are going to be weaker. All of which produces a lot of dangers, such as the possibility that the reactionary forces are growing stronger, faster than the radical currents.

AC: *We haven't talked much about international perspectives. What themes preoccupy you?*

BK: As a matter of personal concern I'm interested in radical reformism, in its various guises, which can develop revolutionary potential, something ordinary reformism cannot do. That's the major difference. Another theme I've worked on is the problem of the trajectory of a revolution faced with degeneration into some kind of totalitarian option or capitalist retreat. That's the problem for Nicaragua. So radical reformist movements could either become revolutionary, or revolutionary movements could become reformist without losing their values, or betraying their original project. This raises interesting prospects for Nicaragua, because it is confronted with precisely this problem.

AC: *In this context how did you see the Polish Solidarity movement?*

BK: Some of us were very critical. Solidarity never formulated an ideology. It tried to dissociate itself from the labor movement traditions of Poland. It was quite ignorant about Marxism, and inside the organization there were a lot of anti-intellectual tendencies. Solidarity, of course, became a symbol, and in Western Europe it was thought tasteless to criticize it after the imposition of martial law. But for us it was not a matter of bad or good taste but rather a matter of studying the experience of others and learning how to avoid the same result: intellectual bankruptcy and self-destruction. Even left-wing intellectuals like Michnik and Kuron failed in their role, because the point is not just to follow a movement explaining what it is doing but to have real intellectual input. Left-wing intellectuals in Poland mostly commented on the actions of the workers.

AC: *Some dialogue between your group and people in Western European and U.S. left movements could obviously be important.*

BK: Often we are disappointed with the Western left. It is pragmatic and de-ideologized, whereas Russian culture is ideological and value oriented. We're interested in the history of the New Left, also in the present peace groupings and the Green movement, because they are also value oriented. Of course, to those Western value-oriented movements the Soviet left-wing groups must seem rather pragmatic, since we must necessarily avoid demagogy and formulate concepts engaging seriously with economic shortcomings and contradictions. Value-oriented groups in the West sometimes forget about practical contradictions. In principle we're open to dialogue with the Western left, though we don't know much about the American left. As yet we have not found a serious interlocutor there.

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN
JEFFERSON MORLEY

■ A Man, a Plan, a Canal, a Hidden Agenda

§ The man is Gen. Manuel Antonio Noriega, the corrupt and dictatorial leader of the Panamanian Defense Forces. Noriega is now the subject of regular, derogatory leaks from high-level Reagan Administration officials. The latest came on the day the Iran/*contra* report was released. Officials seized on the report's cryptic disclosure that a "third party" had offered to carry out sabotage and assassinations in Nicaragua for the Administration and embellished the story for an indolent *New York Times* reporter, identifying the "third party" as Noriega. The story made page 1.

§ The plan is the Reagan Administration's ongoing effort to oust the Panamanian leader. Although Noriega has in the past cooperated with the United States, specifically the C.I.A., the Administration has been displeased by his refusal to join U.S. efforts to isolate Nicaragua diplomatically. In fact, national security adviser John Poindexter was so angered by Noriega's independence that in December 1985 he personally told Noriega to resign—this according to Alfonso Chardy of *The Miami Herald*. The Sandinistas have heard similar demands from Washington, which explains their alliance of convenience with Noriega. The latest leak seems designed to undermine that tenuous link.

§ The canal, of course, is the Panama Canal. Ronald Reagan fiercely opposed the 1978 treaty that requires the United States to relinquish control of the waterway in the year 2000. Noriega says Reagan is looking for an excuse to renounce the treaty, a charge U.S. military officials deny.

§ The hidden agenda is pushed by national security policy-makers. Noriega's repressive ways give the State Department an opportunity to proclaim its devotion to human rights, but Pentagon and C.I.A. officials have more pragmatic reasons for wanting the Panamanian leader out of power. Noriega, who keeps a watchful eye on the country's banks, is no doubt quite familiar with C.I.A. activities in the region. As the Administration continues its campaign of leaks, Noriega may be tempted to leak back—about the Administration's ties to drug runners and gun smugglers in Central America.

■ So Close, yet . . .

He could have been somebody—the Congressman who broke the Iran/*contra* scandal wide open. In August 1985 then-Representative Michael Barnes wrote to national security adviser Robert McFarlane. Citing press accounts that National Security Council staff members were aiding the *contras*, Barnes requested all material regarding Lieut. Col. Oliver North's contact with the rebels. An N.S.C. search of relevant documents turned up six memorandums from North to McFarlane which, as McFarlane later said, raised "legitimate questions about compliance with the law." With McFarlane's O.K., North altered the memos.

Nevertheless, McFarlane ignored the Congressman's request for documents. Barnes petitioned McFarlane again, and the two met at the White House on October 17, 1985. McFarlane showed Barnes a stack of documents. For security reasons they could not leave his office, McFarlane said, but Barnes could read them there. The pile was a foot high, Barnes recalled, and he didn't have the time then to go through it. McFarlane's bluff had worked.

After the meeting Barnes did ask McFarlane to turn the classified material over to the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence, but the papers stayed put. The committee never requested them. Why did Barnes hand off? He says that if he had asked for subpoenas from the Foreign Affairs Committee, on which he sat, or the intelligence committee, he "would not have had sufficient support to get them." Neither committee was interested in confronting McFarlane, who had been guaranteeing Congress that the N.S.C. was not covertly assisting the *contras*. "He was a very respected guy back then," Barnes said. "There was just not a mood at that time to support an aggressive investigation." Barnes, who was defeated in a 1986 Senate primary race and now practices law, added, "We're not accustomed in this country to having an important official in a high position just out and out lie. Maybe we ought to be."

■ Hunting and Drafting

When it comes to legislation regarding product liability, big business is everywhere. The so-called Uniform Product Safety Act of 1987, backed by business and insurance groups, would ostensibly codify existing law on product liability and prevent frivolous lawsuits. Consumer advocates maintain the act would make it harder for people to sue manufacturers of dangerously defective products. Both sides on the issue have been lobbying Congress strenuously, but one has had more access.

The weekend before a November 19-20 mark-up of the bill by a subcommittee of the House Energy and Commerce Committee, Representative John Dingell, the committee's powerful chair, went on a hunting trip in Texas with several Congressmen and representatives of business organizations that have lobbied the committee on the legislation. Representative Dennis Eckart, a subcommittee member, told the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* that he was on the trip but would not name the lobbyists. A spokeswoman for Dingell would identify only one other hunter: Representative Ralph Hall, a Texas Democrat on the committee.

During the mark-up, lobbyists then played legislator. The industry newsletter "Liability Week" suggested that Victor Schwartz, a lawyer who represents the pro-industry Product Liability Alliance, ghost wrote the legislation. The newsletter noted that at the session Schwartz huddled with staff members of the bill's Congressional supporters. When a pro-consumer provision was offered at one point, an assistant to Schwartz passed a note to an aide to Representative Norman Lent, a key backer of the bill. According to Pam Gilbert, an attorney for the U.S. Public Interest Research Group, which is against the measure, the aide then handed it to Lent, who read right off the note in opposing the provision. Consumer lobbyists expect the full committee to address the bill this month.

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ARTICLES.

THE DANCE OF DEBT

Beggaring Our Latin Neighbors

On November 29 the presidents of eight Latin American countries, meeting in Acapulco, Mexico, expressed their common concern about the region's onerous burden of foreign debt and proposed limited interim measures for easing their repayment difficulties. The following article provides a backdrop to the Acapulco summit, which was held without representatives from the United States.

PENNY LERNOUX

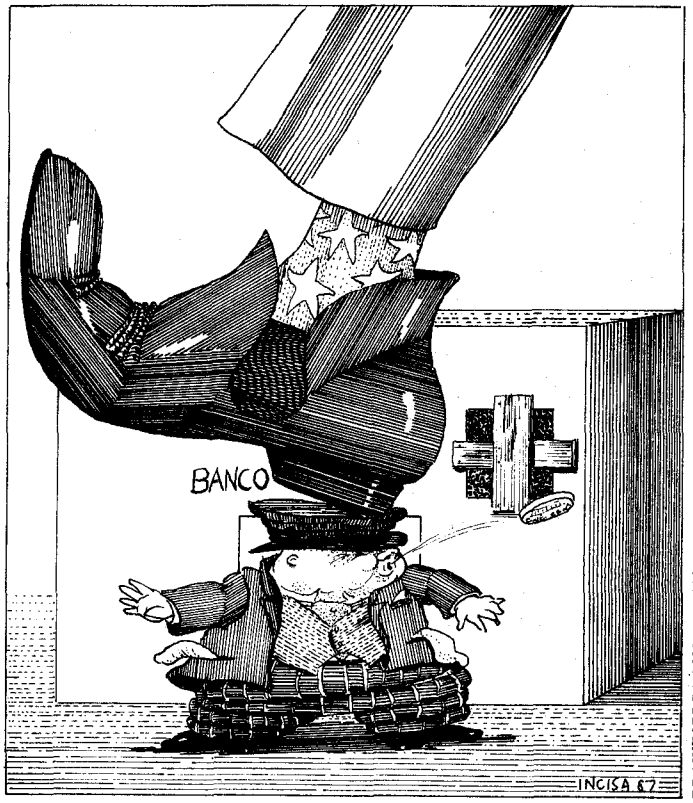
The scene in Lima in October, when the government nationalized Peru's banks, resembled one of Mario Vargas Llosa's bizarre tales. As police tanks broke into the barricaded buildings, rebellious bankers inside, with beds and enough food and water for a long siege, vowed to retain control of their institutions: "Only the dead will be taken from our properties!" they declared. No one died, or was even hurt, when antiriot police stormed the locked doors with tanks and tear gas, but the assault outraged Peru's financial leaders and is bound to complicate government efforts to keep the economy afloat. Had Vargas Llosa scripted the story, the ending would have been different, since the novelist led the outcry by the political right against the nationalization legislation.

Although Peruvian bankers have carried on something fierce—"An ignominious act against defenseless persons!" said the president of the banking association—and talk of a coup is rife, nationalization of the financial sector is not unprecedented in Latin America. In 1982 Mexico expropriated its banks, and the governments of both Colombia and Brazil have taken over numerous banks. The causes, including self-lending, currency speculation, a prominent role in capital flight and excessive concentration of financial power, were similar to those that led to the Peruvian intervention of thirty-three banks, insurance and finance companies. As in Mexico, the move was also politically motivated—an act of insubordination against the international banking community, which has replaced the oil companies as the most hated foreign business interest in Latin America.

Alan García Pérez, Peru's brash young President, threw down the gauntlet when he took office, in 1985, by announcing that Peru would pay no more than 10 percent of its export earnings to service its $14.5 billion foreign debt. As in most Latin American countries, the Peruvian economy was in deep recession because of its enormous debt payments. Triple-digit inflation, a 65 percent unemployment and underemployment rate and a sharply declining standard of living provided a breeding ground for crime, the cocaine traffic and a flourishing guerrilla movement. García, who was the first president to be elected on the ticket of the centrist American Popular Revolutionary Alliance, opted for a radical approach. "APRA didn't struggle for sixty years to obtain power just to administer the poverty of Peru," he said.

The tactic of placing a ceiling on debt servicing paid off last year when inflation dropped to 68 percent and the gross national product grew by 8.5 percent. But the situation is no longer so promising, because the government has had to run down its currency reserves to finance economic expansion. Tax evasion and capital flight have cost Peru $600 million this year, and even short-term credits for imports have dried up. Inflation is climbing back up toward 90 percent, and García admits that growth rates may decline. Although nationalization of the banks was a popular measure—60 percent of Peruvians polled supported the takeover—the extent to which it will benefit the economy is questionable, since a high percentage of the banks' reserves were withdrawn by frightened investors who anticipated the expropriation. Predictably, the reaction among foreign bankers was negative, but since Peru is unable to obtain new loans in any case, it hardly matters. "We may not have dollars today," García told a Colombian journalist, "but we wouldn't have grown, either. With foreign loans a country does not grow but becomes more impoverished."

Although similar sentiments have been expressed by governments throughout the region, none have found a formula to resolve the impasse, and most are reluctant to follow Peru's example. Contrary to García's expectations that



DRAWINGS BY MONICA INCISA

Penny Lernoux is The Nation*'s Latin America correspondent.*

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other countries would also limit debt payments to below 20 percent of export earnings, they have continued a hopeless minuet with the foreign banks through endless debt reschedulings. Some have fallen behind on debt payments, while a few, such as Bolivia and Nicaragua, have simply stopped paying.

Last February the debt dance entered a new phase when Brazil announced a suspension of interest payments, thereby endangering the stability of U.S. banks, which hold the lion's share of Brazil's $115 billion foreign debt. But even this tactic failed to nudge the bankers or Washington toward a compromise. Instead, Citicorp, Chase Manhattan and other heavily exposed institutions chose to increase their loan-loss reserves, at the cost of this year's profits, to protect themselves from a Brazilian default. Although financial experts and U.S. bank regulators recognized that the decision was long overdue (and had already been taken by European banks), its effects were limited. For one thing, not all the banks increased their reserves to an amount commensurate with possible losses in Brazil. Manufacturers Hanover, for example, upped its reserves to $1.7 billion although its loans to Brazil total $2.3 billion. Equally important, loan loss reserves for the biggest banks would be wiped out if Brazil defaulted, and many other countries are also teetering on the brink, including Argentina, which has a $52 billion debt. The losses sustained by stockholders because of the increase in reserves were staggering. Citicorp showed a net loss of $2.6 billion in revenues in the second quarter of this year, the second highest deficit in U.S. corporate history (American Telephone and Telegraph's $4.9 billion loss in one quarter of 1983 holds the record). Earnings for the industry's biggest banks fell 16 percent in the same period, and year-end profits are expected to be the lowest since 1934.

Since 1982, when Mexico defaulted, the developing nations have been warning the industrialized nations of global financial storms if an agreement between creditors and debtors is not achieved. Contrary to earlier claims by bankers that the crisis would soon pass, statistics from the International Monetary Fund and other financial organizations show that the problem has become insoluble—like a debt to the company store. Because of the fear of defaults, private lending to the developed countries has slowed to a trickle, with the result that the poorer countries are being forced to transfer scarce capital to the industrialized nations. I.M.F. figures show a net flow of $22.1 billion from Latin America to foreign creditors during 1986 because of debt repayment. Between 1983 and 1986 Brazil paid $33 billion more to the banks than it received in loans, but by early 1987 the government was running out of money—hence the dramatic announcement of a suspension of interest payments. *

The cost of decapitalization can be seen throughout the region—in the sharp increase in such diseases as tuberculosis and malaria that had nearly been eliminated in some Latin American countries a decade ago; in the armies of hungry beggars who throng the city streets; and in the bankruptcy of countless industries, banks and farms. According to the World Bank, per capita income in Latin America has dropped about 30 percent since 1980—a worse depression than during the 1930s. As President García observes, foreign loans have impoverished the region. Despite repayments that average 35 percent of Latin America's export earnings, the debt continues to grow exponentially because of interest rates: By the end of this year Latin America will account for $421 billion of the Third World's $1.2 trillion debt.

Obviously the situation cannot continue, even if U.S. bankers and government officials choose to hide their heads in the sand. During the annual meeting of the I.M.F. and the World Bank in Washington September 29–October 1, the latter insisted that there is no reason to change the rules of the game. "It's a dialogue of the deaf," admitted one Latin American official. One reason the bankers are able to ignore Third World pleas for a new approach to foreign debt is that the developing countries are themselves divided. Even the Latin Americans, who have the longest experience of regional consultation on the matter, have been unable to form a common front, primarily because of the lack of strong leadership. Although Brazil's suspension of payments offered an opportunity to pressure U.S. banks to change their policies, Brazilian President José Sarney was too weak an administrator to seize the initiative; other heads of state tried to capitalize on Brazil's misfortune by making their own deals with foreign bankers. But while the bankers may be able to buy time, by lowering interest rates here and stretching out payments there, a string of defaults looks increasingly likely. Regional economists do not foresee a "big bang" but a continuing slide down the black hole, much like what occurred in the 1930s when one country after another stopped paying.

As bankers themselves admit, the market doesn't lie. Resale of Latin American debt in a flourishing new secondary financial market has the real value of such paper ranging between 25 and 95 percent less than that shown on the banks' books (90 percent for Bolivia, 60 percent for Brazil, 50 percent for Venezuela). The banks' resale of such debt at substantial discounts is acknowledgment that the debt will not be paid off at face value, even though debtor countries are expected to pay interest on the full value of their loans. It also supports the Latin Americans' argument that a high percentage of the foreign debt is unreal—money they never received but which was tacked onto their original debt because of the sharp increase in interest rates in the United States at the end of the Carter Administration. Discounts on the Latin American debt "do not reflect bank losses so much as a reduction in the exorbitant profits made . . . on an overvalued debt," said Colombian economist Carlos Rodado Noriega.

In a new menu of alternatives offered to debtor countries, the trade of discounted debt paper—or "debt-equity swaps"—is the hottest item because it supposedly offers something for everyone [see Wayne Curtis, "Here Comes the Repo Man," *The Nation*, May 2]. Typically the buyer of

* Earlier this month, Brazil's foreign creditors announced that they had come up with a short-term solution by lending Brazil $1 billion to enable it to pay back this year's interest. But the arrangement is solely for cosmetic purposes and will do nothing to relieve the hard-pressed Brazilian economy.

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the paper is a multinational corporation which swaps it for local currency at the debtor nation's central bank in order to invest locally. The foreign bank gets some of its money back; the multinational, a cheap means of investing; and the debtor country, a cancellation in local currency of a discounted portion of its foreign debt. But the scheme has several flaws. Economic experts say that it is applicable only in limited cases. In Latin America, which is the pilot model, debt-equity swaps may total $4 billion this year, or 1 percent of the foreign debt, as balanced against the outflow of $30 billion for debt payments. Swaps could also prove inflationary, by encouraging governments to print more money to buy back the debt in local currencies, as well as an additional drain on the economy, through increased foreign profit remittances from an expanded investment base.

But undoubtedly the greatest drawback to such swaps is that they are another variation of the old shell game, in which Latin America gives over control of its industries, banks and farms to foreign interests. Instead of attracting new foreign investment to increase jobs and productive capacity, swaps enable multinational corporations and banks to absorb existing Latin American assets. Much the same occurred during the Alliance for Progress, when U.S. aid was used for the takeover of Latin American industry and agriculture by U.S companies. Meanwhile, the banks will continue to drain the region of local capital through debt repayment. Citicorp, for example, which in 1985 earned 2 percent of its worldwide profits of almost $1 billion from Brazil, has $4.4 billion invested in the country, making it the largest foreign investor.

The U.S. Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board strongly support the swap scheme as a means of reducing financial pressure on U.S. banks while postponing the day when the United States must put its own house in order. As European bankers have long known, and as Latin American economists are beginning to realize, the United States has been living on the capital of the rest of the world, primarily the developing countries, thanks to the international role of the dollar. Able to print a currency used by other countries as a medium of payment, the United States flooded the world's money markets in the wake of the Vietnam War in order to finance a growing foreign debt. Economists now say that it was this event—not the oil crisis of 1973, which was actually a response to it—that caused U.S. and European banks to offload dollars through mammoth loans at extremely low interest rates to the developing countries. Some of the biggest borrowers, such as Mexico and, to a lesser extent, Argentina, were oil producers themselves and did not need the money to finance oil imports. They took it because of strong encouragement from the banks, which led the borrowers to believe that financial conditions would not change appreciably. But when the dollar weakened in 1979–1980 because of growing budget deficits, Washington sharply increased interest rates, thereby sucking in new capital and causing havoc in the indebted Third World. And when the developing countries ran out of money, U.S. banks lent them more dollars in order to repay themselves. "Robbery" is how Latin American economists and government officials describe the decapitalization of their countries by the world's most affluent nation.

Whether a reckoning is at hand depends on factors outside the Latin Americans' control—namely an overhaul of the international financial system by the industrialized powers. But so long as Reagan remains in the White House, the likelihood of a bold initiative seems improbable, as shown by his lackadaisical attitude toward the stock market collapse. Bank stocks, already hurt by shareholders' fears of Third World defaults, took a beating during the Wall Street frenzy, and the prospects for new stock issues are hardly promising. The outlook in Latin America is no less bleak. U.S. bank loans that were in the pipeline have been suspended due to the financial panic, and because the region's economy is dependent on the dollar, the cost of repaying European and Japanese banks their portion of the debt has increased with the dollar's fall.

Even with the added stress, Latin America's governments appear unlikely to form a united front. Under President Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado, Mexico has steered clear of a regional commitment, preferring to make its own deals with the bankers. De la Madrid's handpicked successor, economist Carlos Salinas de Gortari, is not expected to change that policy, and Salinas's victory in the 1988 presidential election is virtually assured. The governments of Brazil and Argentina, the other major debtors, are too preoccupied with domestic economic and political troubles to take on regional leadership. Colombia, Peru and Chile lack the political clout and will to attempt to fill their shoes. Former Venezuelan President Carlos Andrés Pérez, the front-runner in his country's upcoming election, is a strong proponent of a Latin American consensus on debt repayment, but without the support of the major debtors, he is crying in the wind.

And although economic conditions have steadily worsened, a popular uprising against the foreign bankers is not in the cards. The people's anger has instead been directed toward elected leaders, such as Argentine President Raúl Alfonsín, who have lost much of their original popularity because of a failure to achieve economic reform. Most ominously, some Latin American political analysts are warning of a swing of the pendulum back to the bankers' darlings in the military, who were responsible for their countries' indebtedness in the first place. But musical chairs will change nothing. As Fidel Castro recently observed in regard to his own country's indebtedness to the Soviet Union, the only solution is to stop paying. □

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BLACKLIST IN BOSTON

The Clearing of Vanessa Redgrave

MARJORIE HEINS

On March 26, 1982, the Boston Symphony Orchestra proudly announced that it had engaged the theatrical services of Vanessa Redgrave to glamorize its 100th birthday festivities. The British star was to narrate Stravinsky's opera-oratorio *Oedipus Rex* as part of a series of centenary concerts planned for Carnegie Hall in New York City and Symphony Hall in Boston. The young theatrical wizard Peter Sellars would stage and produce the events, and Seiji Ozawa, of course, would conduct. The performances sold out well in advance, and B.S.O. managers brimmed with excitement at their coup in securing Redgrave.

Before the month was out, the Boston Symphony Orchestra had canceled Redgrave's contract in response to emotional protests from a number of supporters and at least one member of the board of trustees, who accused the orchestra of grave insensitivity to the Jewish community. Redgrave's political radicalism and endorsement of the Palestine Liberation Organization had led to protests in the past, including a notorious incident in 1978, when members of the Jewish Defense League burned her in effigy outside the auditorium where she was to receive an Oscar for *Julia*; but never before had a cultural institution acquiesced quite so quickly and publicly in those protests. The B.S.O. later claimed that it canceled on Redgrave in response to threats of disruption, although in fact the decision to fire her preceded the one communication that might have been construed as a serious threat: a phone call from a member of the Jewish Defense League who allegedly said there would be "bloodshed and violence" should Redgrave appear at Symphony Hall. Symphony officials tried to persuade Redgrave to withdraw. When that failed, and when Sellars, accusing the orchestra of blacklisting, refused to go forward without Redgrave, the B.S.O. canceled the entire Stravinsky program. Its April 11 press release cited "causes and circumstances beyond [its] reasonable control."

Redgrave sued the B.S.O.; the trial took place in the fall of 1984 in Federal District Court in Boston. She had two legal claims: breach of contract and violation of the Massachusetts Civil Rights Act, a relatively new law that prohibits any person from interfering, by "threats, intimidation or coercion," with the constitutional rights of another. This "baby civil rights act," as it was called, had been enacted in response to the violence that had accompanied school desegregation in Boston. But the law was broadly worded to protect all constitutional rights—including, presumably, Vanessa Redgrave's right to free speech.

At this writing, it appears that Redgrave has won her suit, but the victory did not come easily or quickly. When, on October 14 of this year, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the First Circuit ruled that the B.S.O. had violated the actress's civil rights, it was the culmination of a five-year legal battle that included a sixteen-day trial, two trips to the Court of Appeals and one detour to the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court. Through the course of these legal proceedings it became increasingly apparent that the state and Federal judiciary—if its Boston contingent is at all representative—had great difficulty with the notion that the venerable Boston Symphony Orchestra could be legally liable for giving in to expressions of outrage by some well-heeled, influential or at least noisy critics of the Redgrave hiring.

To begin with, the trial judge, Robert Keeton, a former Harvard law professor and respected scholar, took an excessively narrow view of the state civil rights act, instructing the jurors that they could not rule for Redgrave on this claim unless they found that the B.S.O. decision-makers deliberately intended to punish the actress for her political views. In Judge Keeton's opinion, the state law could not be violated when an employer or contractor like the Boston Symphony Orchestra simply acquiesced in the discriminatory pressures of third parties.

Although there was evidence that at least one orchestra trustee had indeed wanted to retaliate against Redgrave because of her politics, the jury, after hearing all the evidence, rejected the theory that the B.S.O. had intentionally punished the actress and so found against her on the civil rights claim. In an unusual letter to the judge, however, the jurors explained, "We were convinced that there was indeed an abrogation of Ms. Redgrave's civil rights by the B.S.O.," but "could find no way to express" that conclusion "within the confines of the verdict questions and your explanation to us as to the parameters within which the law required we must decide."

Judge Keeton also had trouble with Redgrave's suit for breach of contract. Her attorney, Daniel Kornstein, had introduced evidence that as a result of the widely publicized firing, Redgrave's job offers fell off dramatically and she had little work for some nineteen months. Producer Theodore Mann testified that after hearing of Redgrave's discharge by "one of the premier arts organizations in America," he decided not to hire her for an upcoming performance of Shaw's *Heartbreak House* at the Circle in the Square Theatre in New York City. The jury awarded Redgrave $100,000 in "consequential damages" in addition to the contract fee of $27,500. But Judge Keeton, in a post-trial decision, overruled the consequential damages award on the unprecedented theory that the Boston Symphony Orchestra could have caused the damages only by communicating its opinion by implication (the orchestra had been careful to

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say nothing directly) that Redgrave was too dangerous to employ. Since the communication of opinions is protected by the First Amendment, reasoned the judge, the B.S.O. could not be held liable for the consequences of its cancellation.

Redgrave appealed these rulings, but as her appeal inched its way through the courts, it became apparent that Judge Keeton was not alone in his ambivalence about her claims. Although there is ample precedent under Federal law for the proposition that civil rights violators cannot claim as a defense the fact that they acted at the urging of others, the U.S. Court of Appeals was hesitant about applying that principle to Massachusetts' baby civil rights statute. Instead, it decided to "certify" two questions to the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court, the ultimate expositor of state law. The questions were: first, whether a defendant may be liable under the state civil rights law if it "had no personal desire" to interfere with another's rights "but acquiesced to pressure from third parties"; and second, whether it was a defense under the state law "for the defendant to show that its actions were principally motivated by additional concerns," such as the threat of economic loss, fear for physical safety and the like.

A majority of the State Supreme Court justices opted for an expansive reading of the civil rights law, holding that Judge Keeton had been wrong in ruling that acquiescence was a defense. But they went on to offer arguments why, in this case, Redgrave should still lose. Three judges strongly implied, and two explicitly stated, that the orchestra had a First Amendment defense to Redgrave's charge that by blacklisting her it had interfered with her exercise of free speech. The judges opined that the B.S.O.'s fear of possible disruption of the performances of *Oedipus Rex* justified its cancellation of the contract, and in fact was a decision motivated by considerations of "artistic integrity" and therefore constitutionally protected under the First Amendment.

The B.S.O.'s lawyers had not argued at the trial that the cancellation was an exercise of the organization's First Amendment rights. The logical conclusion of such a theory is troublesome, for if the decision to fire Redgrave was itself constitutionally protected, then presumably the actress would not even be able to recover ordinary contract damages.

The case now returned to the Federal tribunal. When the U.S. Court of Appeals finally ruled, on October 14, one judge agreed with the ruminations of the State Supreme Court on the B.S.O.'s First Amendment defense, but the majority of two rejected the argument. Judge Hugh Bownes, writing for himself and Judge Bruce Selya, explained:

> Although we can understand why the BSO would want its performance to be free from audience interruption, we hold as a matter of law that the first amendment is not implicated. We do not think that any performing artist, or group of artists, has a first amendment right to perform without audience interruption and with due respect to the Supreme Judicial Court, we hold that, under the facts of this case, there is no first amendment artistic integrity defense under the [Massachusetts Civil Rights Act].
>
> . . .
>
> To recognize a first amendment defense of "artistic integrity" under the facts of this case would flout the very values that the first amendment and the MCRA protect. It would mean that a performing artist, or group of artists, could deny another artist her statutorily protected right to perform because of the fear that the audience might interrupt the performance. This is the opposite of "artistic integrity"; it allows the audience to dictate who shall perform and what shall be played. "Artistic integrity" under this view would be a license for a heckler's veto in the arena of artistic expression.
>
> . . .
>
> Allowing the defense of artistic integrity would withdraw the protection of the MCRA from artists, such as Redgrave, who openly espouse unpopular political views. The effect would be to give free rein to those seeking to intimidate artists engaging in political activity.

Or, as Judge Frank Coffin of the U.S. Court of Appeals, who ended up writing a dissent, put it during oral arguments on this point, permitting an artistic organization to justify its firing of a politically controversial performer on the basis of fears of disruption would open the way for a return to the blacklisting of the 1950s.

Judge Coffin's remark reflected a growing awareness of the implications of the Redgrave case and of its ominous resemblance to the political blacklists of thirty years ago. Both the actress's claims and the orchestra's defenses—fear of performance disruption or economic loss—echoed arguments made at that time by studios defending their firing and blacklisting of hundreds of writers and performers, and indeed by universities, governments and industries that purged employees who had suspect political associations or opinions or who failed to clear themselves before legislative committees.

The appellate arguments by Redgrave's attorneys, as well

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as by organizations that participated as amici curiae, including the Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts, the Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights and the Screen Actors Guild, reminded the courts of the historical analogy. Kornstein's brief to the U.S. Court of Appeals quoted seven books about the McCarthy era inquisition. Yet, at least four and probably all seven of the justices of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court, as well as Judge Coffin, ultimately rejected the proposition that the Boston Symphony Orchestra could be held liable simply for caving in to community pressure.

The three judges of the U.S. Court of Appeals did agree on one thing. Judge Keeton's creative reason for depriving Redgrave of her $100,000 in damages—namely, that the B.S.O. cancellation was a constitutionally protected statement of opinion—had no legal basis. There is a distinction between actually expressing an opinion and taking action from which others may infer meaning. If the latter was constitutionally protected, then, as Judge Coffin wrote, "the cancellation of almost any contract with a notable figure could be effectively transformed into a statement protected by the First Amendment, thereby unnecessarily diluting the protections intended by contract law." (For evidentiary reasons, however, the appellate court reduced the $100,000 award to $12,000, the amount Redgrave would have been paid for *Heartbreak House*.)

Unless the orchestra's lawyers succeed in persuading the full six-judge bench of the U.S. Court of Appeals to take yet another look at the case (they have already requested such a rehearing en banc, supported by the Boston Ballet and a number of local universities), Redgrave will soon be back in front of Judge Keeton for an assessment of additional damages under the Massachusetts Civil Rights Act, as well as an award of her considerable legal expenses. If a rehearing is granted, there will probably be yet another round of briefs and oral arguments.

What has Redgrave accomplished by this protracted battle, and what, if anything, have the Boston Symphony Orchestra and other artistic organizations learned? Is the Federal appellate court's decision a favorable sign that political blacklists of the breadth and depravity of those in the 1950s will not be allowed to recur?

Not necessarily. The state civil rights law is just one of many innovations in employment law since the 1950s. Labor and employment discrimination statutes, as well as new theories of contract and tort law, now protect employees, including whistleblowers and others who exercise First Amendment rights, in ways not available thirty years ago. Yet when Vanessa Redgrave's case came to court, most of the judges were clearly uncomfortable extending any of these theories to a situation in which they perceived the employer to be an innocent victim of political pressure, or the employee to be an advocate of extreme or unpopular views. That so many judges had such difficulty with the notion of protecting a politically controversial artist's right to be controversial and still earn a living is sobering.

A collateral issue in the Redgrave case involved the rights of those who advocate boycotts and blacklists. Although only the Boston Symphony Orchestra was a defendant in the case, the American Jewish Congress filed two briefs, one in the U.S. Court of Appeals for the First Circuit and one in State Supreme Court, arguing that, whatever the B.S.O.'s liability might be, the conduct of those who pressured and threatened the orchestra was an exercise of free speech. By contrast, at least three judges of the State Supreme Court thought that "the BSO was itself a victim of violations" of the state civil rights law. David Caute, in his book *The Great Purge*, terms "ironic" the First Amendment defense asserted by two blacklist compilers who were successfully sued in 1962 by radio personality John Henry Faulk. Yet the U.S. Supreme Court ruled in 1982, in a decision widely regarded as a great victory for civil rights, that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People could not be held liable for damages to white businessmen who were economically harmed as a result of a boycott which leaders of the organization had urged.

The issue of blacklist proponents' right of free speech is troubling but may not be critical. The message of the Redgrave case, as the Massachusetts Civil Liberties Union and others reminded the courts, was that the blacklist that engulfed entertainment, academia and industry in the 1950s was precipitated not just by intolerant screamers but by employers who acquiesced when faced by their vitriolic noise. The screamers can't readily be stopped; it is when the great commercial institutions and "premier arts organizations" cave in to them that blacklisting begins. □

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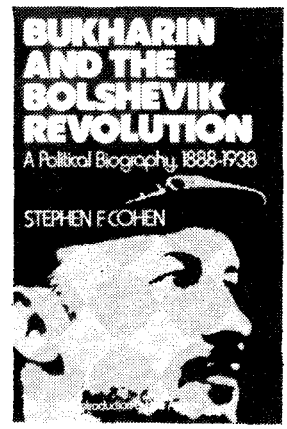

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

On Recapturing The Soviet Past

DANIEL SINGER

The dead, claims a French legal saying, seizes the living—"le mort saisit le vif"—and indeed the dead weight of the past often seems to be strangling the present, particularly when this past is not properly tackled. Amnesia is as much a disease for a nation as it is for an individual, in both cases a heavy handicap for current conduct. Hence, the importance of the new Soviet attempt to remember the country's collective past, described at length in these pages [see Dev Murarka, "Recovering the Buried Stalin Years," October 24, and "A New Revolution in Consciousness," October 31]. Indeed, the Soviet Union is at one and the same time trying to recover its memory and the capacity to speak with more than one voice; it is learning to remember and to debate. Mikhail Gorbachev's major speech at the seventieth anniversary of the Revolution had been presented in advance, wrongly, as an important part in this process. But it provides a good opportunity to take stock, to grasp better the link between this remembrance of things past and present policy, while incidentally assessing our own attitude toward the upheaval that is beginning to alter the shape of Soviet society.

Life does not begin at seventy. Speaking in the Kremlin on this festive occasion, Gorbachev was bound to draw up some kind of balance sheet, although half of a nearly three-hour speech devoted to the past did not allow for too sophisticated a historical assessment. Inevitably, Gorbachev hailed October 1917 as a momentous break in human history. Quite naturally, he put the accent on the pioneering efforts and sacrifices of the Soviet people, which led to positive results despite "real crimes based on the abuse of power." He was entitled to argue that, without a shift to collective farming and a rapid rate of industrialization, the country would never have been able to stand up to the Nazi invaders, even if his description of the ravages of collectivization was much too mild. Then came the 1,418 days of "blood and sweat." The ordinary Soviet people, both soldiers and civilians, were rightly the heroes in the Gorbachev version, although he also mentioned the role of the military command, with Stalin at its head. A case can clearly be made for a more balanced portrait of the dead dictator. After all, the main weakness of Nikita Khrushchev's famous indictment of Stalin, back in February 1956, was his most un-Marxist explanation of the tragic failings of a whole system through the psychopathology of a single man. The snag is that when it comes to an analysis of Stalinism as a system, and especially of its birth, Gorbachev himself is of little help.

Daniel Singer is The Nation*'s correspondent in Europe.*

A man can be in some respects a pathfinder, the champion of *glasnost* and *perestroika* ("restructuring"), and in others remain a prisoner of the past. In his analysis of the struggle after Lenin's death, of the "nucleus of the party headed by Stalin" defending the Leninist heritage against a "petty bourgeois" opposition, Gorbachev is a pure product of routine courses on "Marxism-Leninism," a worthy pupil of another politician who had been a leader in Stavropol, Mikhail Suslov, the late official keeper of post-Stalinist orthodoxy. It is difficult to decide which of several passages in the speech is worst. There is the description of Trotsky as "an always prevaricating and swindling politician," borrowed less from Lenin's testament than from the vocabulary of Andrei Vyshinsky, Stalin's notorious chief prosecutor. There is a reference to Nikolai Bukharin and his supporters rapidly "recognizing their mistakes" (over the rate of growth), an ominous understatement when one knows what preceded and especially what followed this repentance. Indeed, significantly, there is no mention in so many words of the ghastly Moscow trials in which Vyshinsky gained his international reputation. Yet worst of all is probably the suggestion that Stalin defeated the opposition "ideologically and organizationally," an eloquent euphemism when one knows that those were the years when freedom of debate was eliminated in the Communist Party, when political dissent became a criminal offense and the iron rule of the General Secretary prepared the ground for his tyranny.

In a serious debate over the period, somebody will naturally have to plead Stalin's case. Actually, many a sympathetic Western writer did try to explain, if not justify, the phenomenon of Stalinism. With the backward Soviet Union isolated and forced to pack into a couple of decades an industrial revolution that had taken centuries in Western Europe, with the Bolsheviks compelled to carry out the contradiction in terms "primitive socialist accumulation," there was arguably no other solution. Or, more colorfully, since barbarism had to be driven out of the Soviet Union by barbarian means, nobody was better equipped for it than a barbarian leader. Yet none of this means that Stalin won by ideological means. Mikhail Gorbachev did duly proclaim that "the guilt of Stalin for the mass repression and lawlessness . . . is immense and unforgivable," but his analysis of the early struggle may raise some doubts about his own vision of inner party democracy.

The immediately relevant question is whether this piece of potted history will hinder researchers in their efforts to extend the frontiers of knowledge. There are some hopeful signs that it will not. Gorbachev himself announced that a special commission will study the archives. In a press conference November 3, his right-hand man in ideological matters, Politburo member Alexander Yakovlev, specifically denied that Gorbachev's report could be interpreted as "some kind of directive restricting the framework of future research." On the other hand, such a narrow official version, proclaimed from the platform on a great festive occasion, will in the best of cases slow down the offensive of Yuri Afanasiev and other progressive historians against the conservatives entrenched in the academic journal *Voprosy*

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Istorii, in the universities, in the innumerable chairs of Marxism-Leninism.

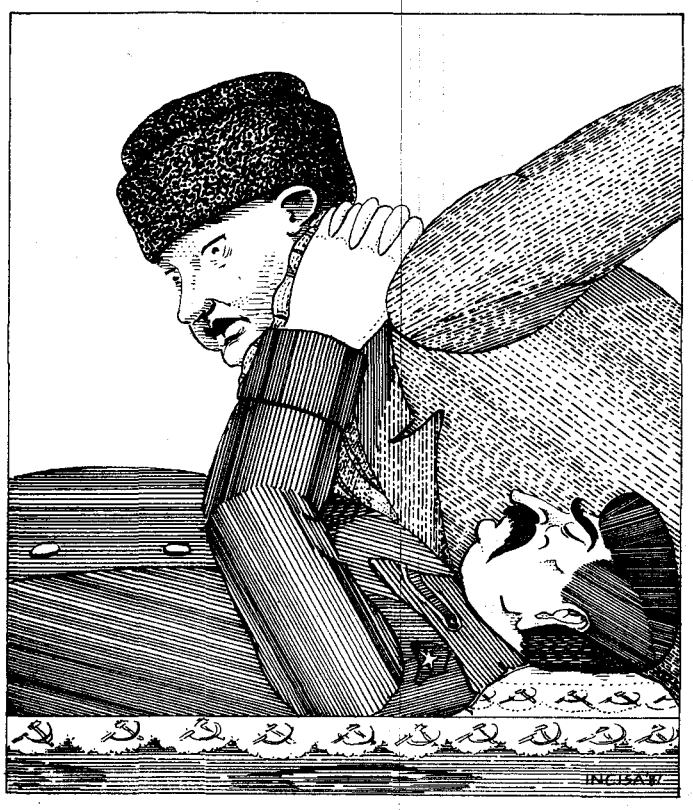
For there should be no misunderstanding over what is at stake. The problem is not to prove whether Stalin or Trotsky was right in the controversy over Socialism in One Country (though here again the Gorbachev version is clearly on Stalin's side), whether Nikolai Bukharin or Yevgeny Preobrazhensky was wiser in the conflict over primitive accumulation. The question is to allow historians first, and then the Soviet people, to reconquer their past, to examine all issues from Brest-Litovsk and Kronstadt to the strange interregnum of Konstantin Chernenko, with the help of all the available archives and, in the near future, the complete works of the main protagonists, from Bukharin to Zinoviev. The question is to give the Soviet people the chance to make up their own minds about, say, the views of the Workers' Opposition, or the respective arguments of Lenin and Trotsky in their prerevolutionary confrontations, or of the Mensheviks, for that matter. It means the right, too, to read Rosa Luxemburg lecturing both Lenin and Trotsky, warning them at the very beginning of the Revolution that "without general elections, without unrestricted freedom of press and assembly, without a free struggle of opinion, life dies out in every public institution, becomes a mere semblance of life, in which only the bureaucracy remains as the active element." In other words, no taboos and no holy rites, remembering that Stalin had installed his own byzantine cult on top of that of Lenin, inaugurated by him after the latter's death.

Yet why bother about the past at such a vital juncture in the Soviet Union's current history? Mikhail Gorbachev is now embarking on a major peace offensive, and in his anniversary speech he tried to find some theoretical foundations of a lasting period of coexistence. The Soviet Union is in the early stages of a major economic reform destined to reshape the functioning of society. Whatever the rhetoric, its people are not all on the same side of the barricades. *Perestroika* divides, and in the conservative camp, judging by the outbursts of some supporters of Pamyat ("Memory"), there are people hankering after the good old days of czardom with its knout and its pogroms. Why choose a moment of such crucial decision to quibble over the past and criticize Gorbachev for some historical slips? Because past and present are interlinked, because curing collective amnesia is merely a means for gaining mastery over current action. Or, if you prefer to put in the words of Alexander Yakovlev, the Russians "are peering so intensely at their history . . . for the sake of today and tomorrow" in search of "ways to resolve present tasks." We already saw how a proper assessment of the birth of Stalinism has a bearing on future democracy within the party, but there are many, many more links.

If the Soviet people are allowed to study their past from all angles and are able to examine, say, the economic controversies of the 1920s, they will naturally come to expect the same clash of ideas over the issues raised by *perestroika*, over the rise in prices and the abolition of food subsidies, over the transformation of the welfare state or the proposed increase in wage differentials. Indeed, they may even want to have a debate on equality, hitherto dismissed in all official pronouncements as a means of leveling down. As economic reform unleashes social forces, *glasnost* may gradually lead to an open confrontation of conflicting interests.

It may have another impact, too. Faced with the passive resistance of part of the bureaucracy and the potential discontent of workers adversely affected by reform, Gorbachev and his colleagues decided to play the card of greater democracy—through having several candidates in votes for local councils (the soviets) and in elections for factory managers. The purpose, for the moment, is apparently to choose the best person for the job. But, since "freedom is always and exclusively freedom for the one who thinks differently," it should lead logically to a choice among platforms. The day that elections on the shop floor are concerned with labor relations and the division of labor, while those in the soviets will deal with different policies and different conceptions of running society, the change will be really revolutionary.

The recent Yeltsin affair well illustrates the importance of *glasnost* in discussions. It was an open secret in Moscow that at the last meeting of the Central Committee, on October 21, Moscow party leader Boris Yeltsin, known as the most eager advocate of change within the Politburo, clashed with Yegor Ligachev, the Soviet second in command, who is reputed to have a more conservative conception of *perestroika*. Yet it was only on November 11 that Soviet viewers learned that Yeltsin had been removed from his Moscow job, and only on November 13 that *Pravda* devoted more than two pages to the exclusion proceedings. The report included Gorbachev's rather sorrowful indictment of his former protégé, twenty-three speeches attacking Yeltsin with great-



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er venom, and the accused man's somewhat disjointed *mea culpa*. The witch hunt, the unanimous hostility and the self-criticism are painful reminders of the past. The sacking of the best-known reformer is a very worrisome portent. But we still don't know, and neither do the Soviet people, what Yeltsin said on October 21 to precipitate the whole affair.

In the press conference already mentioned, Alexander Yakovlev told Western correspondents that this was an internal party matter and that Western parties, too, had their secrets. His point was valid, and yet at the same time irrelevant, since his party's purpose at this stage has little in common with that of Republicans or Democrats. Gorbachev and his comrades are busy claiming that the success of restructuring depends essentially on the willingness of the people to participate, to take matters into their own hands. Now, it is as difficult to act on one's own after years of blind or passive obedience as it is to speak with one's own voice after decades as a ventriloquist's dummy. The intelligentsia, judging by the media, is the first to try; the mass of the people have as yet not followed. A classic way to encourage discussion among the rank and file is to give publicity to a genuine debate at the top.

All the pieces now fall into place. A serious discussion about the past turns inevitably into a debate about the present. *Glasnost* cannot be confined to the Central Committee. Freedom of thought within the party as a whole spells freedom of expression in the country at large. The monopoly of truth, including historical truth, is implied in the monopoly of power. The abolition of the former will mean the dissolution of the latter. The road leads ultimately from party rule from above to a still-undefined form of socialist democracy, with power springing from below. No wonder that this long and uncertain march does not begin smoothly from the very start.

Something must still be said about our own attitude toward the Soviet Union in transition. Even those of us who never accepted the idea that the Bolshevik Revolution could end in neo-Stalinist stagnation were worried by the long winter sleep and are, therefore, thrilled by the reawakening. What can we do to spur the process of change? Ideally, we should be in a position to preach by example. Most of the crimes described by Gorbachev, and certainly the controversy over Socialism in One Country, would not have taken place if the Revolution had spread, in keeping with Marx's predictions, to the advanced capitalist countries of Western Europe. Even today, a socialist experiment in France, Britain or Italy, while it might not be a model, would have been attractive to the people of Eastern Europe as an example. But this never happened, and our impotence dictates a degree of modesty.

Our second-best hand is to struggle for disarmament. In fighting for our common survival, we are undeniably helping *perestroika*. Whether capitalism can live without the arms race (an idea at the heart of Gorbachev's new thinking about lasting coexistence) is debatable. The Soviet Union would be much better off without it. The Soviet leaders have started their economic reform with limited reserves and therefore not much room for maneuver. A big shift of resources to consumer industries would help them tremendously in the years of transition.

Last but not least, there is the attitude best described as one of critical sympathy. The Soviet people have no need of another bunch of "friends of the Soviet Union," those famous visitors always ready to say amen to any declaration by the incumbent in the Kremlin. They could use some help in their efforts to recover memory and voice, and we could assist them, for instance, by qualifying the official version. Thus, Gorbachev may well be right in claiming that Moscow was driven by Western action to sign a pact with Nazi Germany. But it was not forced to send a telegram to Hitler extolling a friendship "cemented by blood," a gesture which degraded the labor movement within and without Soviet frontiers.

In Stalin's time, when an isolated Soviet Union was seeking a dramatic shortcut to industrialization, it was the habit of its propagandists to present each evil as necessary and then each necessity as virtue. Half the Western left lost its credit and its credibility by giving its blessing every time to both conclusions. (The other half lost its in a different fashion.) The mood is no longer the same, yet the two questions must still be tackled in succession. Thus, it can be and is being argued that, after years of command and dictation from above, the Soviet economy requires a dose of wage differentiation to provide incentives, and that the resulting "meritocracy" will be better than its predecessor. All this remains to be proved. Even if it were, it would not turn provisional necessity into virtue. Social inequality, different health or housing services for the haves and the have-nots, will not become great socialist principles even if they are advocated by Gorbachev's closest associates. And "to each according to his work" will not be hailed as the epitome of Marxist progress, even if Mikhail Gorbachev himself proclaims it. We must say as much, put matters into context for the sake of their *glasnost* and our own, particularly if we believe, as I do, that whatever happened later, 1917 is a crucial date to remember in the unfinished struggle for the mastery over our own fate. □

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DIRTY TRICKS 101?

The C.I.A. Goes Back to College

JON WIENER

Is the teaching of college courses by officers of the Central Intelligence Agency a threat to academic freedom? That's only one of the questions raised by a new C.I.A. program that places agents on university faculties as visiting scholars, which has become the target of protests at the University of California, Santa Barbara. The agency's Officer-in-Residence Program was described by a C.I.A. official in a letter to U.C.S.B.'s political science department as an effort to "enhance CIA's recruiting efforts by providing an opportunity for experienced officers to serve as role models, [and] to counsel interested students on career opportunities with CIA." Under the program, the C.I.A. selects and pays the salary of the agent and the university provides an academic appointment—an unusual arrangement for universities that generally insist on autonomy in making appointments and on the intellectual independence of faculty members.

The program came to light at U.C.S.B. when faculty in the political science department protested the appointment of C.I.A. officer George Chritton Jr., a thirty-year agency veteran, to a two-year term as a lecturer, teaching departmental courses on intelligence gathering. Eight hundred students attended a rally and 150 students joined a sit-in at the chancellor's office November 5, calling on the university to sever its ties with the C.I.A. program; thirty-eight students were arrested.

C.I.A. spokesman Bill Devine said in an interview that the program is not secret, but he refused to identify the universities that currently have C.I.A. officers in faculty positions or reveal the spooks' names. Two other institutions, however, have acknowledged their participation in the program: the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service and the Lyndon B. Johnson School of Public Affairs, at the University of Texas, Austin. Devine said that one other university is already participating in the program; U.C.S.B. political science chair Cedric Robinson says he was told by the C.I.A. that it is the John F. Kennedy School of Government, at Harvard. Devine also said two more universities have appointments "in the pipeline" for the spring or fall 1988 semesters; one of them is George Washington University, according to Robinson. The identity of the sixth university is unknown at this time.

At the University of Texas's L.B.J. school, a spokesman identified the C.I.A. officer in residence as James McInnis. Max Sherman, dean of the school, said, "There's been no problem" with protests against the C.I.A.'s presence there. "The Central Intelligence Agency is a major agency of the Federal government," he said, "and we don't want to be prejudiced for or against them." At Georgetown, officials identified Noel Firth as the C.I.A. officer on the faculty, a "research associate," and Harold Bean as his predecessor in the program.

U.C.S.B. president David Gardner told *The Nation* that critics of the C.I.A. appointment were making "arguments for 'guilt by association' . . . parallel to those used in 1949 when the Regents of the university barred members of the Communist Party from teaching by imposing a loyalty oath. It should not be one's personal affiliations or political views that determine such appointments but rather the canons of the academic profession, which are concerned with the individual scholar's freedom to seek the truth and impart it."

U.C.S.B. Chancellor Barbara Uehling rejected a unanimous recommendation from an academic senate committee that the university terminate its participation in the C.I.A. program. "I firmly believe that a university must guarantee that differing points of view, especially those that are unpopular, can be heard and debated," she said. "To subject prospective appointees to political or ideological tests is antithetical to this essential purpose." She accepted a recommendation from the political science faculty downgrading Chritton's appointment from "visiting lecturer" to "visiting fellow." He will not be allowed to teach his own courses but will serve as a resource person available to deliver lectures in courses taught by others, although she held out the possibility that he may teach courses during a second year. According to Uehling, Chritton "is prohibited from recruiting for the agency." But C.I.A. spokesman Devine says that although Chritton "won't be interviewing—we have other people who do that," he "is there if somebody reaches out to him" about a career with the agency.

Chritton's defenders, including Dean Mann, the former political science chair who hired him, say critics of the C.I.A. Officer-in-Residence Program are threatening academic freedom. That argument has become the center of campus debate. "People are confusing academic freedom with freedom of speech," says Todd Gooch of the Student Legislative Council, who was arrested in the sit-in. "No one is denying Mr. Chritton his right to speak. But academic freedom is different; it's reserved for those who have demonstrated the capacity to act according to the standards of the academic community. The official university regulations on academic freedom state that 'the university is founded on faith in intelligence and knowledge and it must defend their free operation.' But C.I.A. agents are prohibited from participating in the free operation of knowledge. Mr. Chritton is obliged by law not to provide certain information; he may be obliged by the agency to provide disinformation. The people who are using 'academic freedom' against us don't understand what academic freedom is."

"Freedom of speech is not the issue," adds Jaime Acton, director of the campus student lobby and the first student to

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be arrested. "People can speak on the campus without having an official affiliation. We've invited him to speak, to debate; he hasn't accepted. He said, 'I'm here to teach, not to debate.' The issue is his affiliation with the faculty. It legitimizes the C.I.A. and discredits the university to provide a formal academic position for a C.I.A. representative."

Active C.I.A. officers in academic positions might report to the agency about campus activists or foreign students or faculty, argues anthropologist Tom Harding. "His [Chritton's] presence creates a chilling effect on campus." Executive Order 12333, signed by President Reagan in December 1981, effectively authorizes C.I.A. domestic activities for the first time in its history. At the time, the agency claimed it was not going to spy on American citizens at home, but the order does allow the C.I.A. to engage in "undisclosed participation" in domestic groups, activities and organizations. The college classroom could be the site of such undisclosed activity.

Critics reject the parallel between the current controversy and the McCarthyite purges of the campuses in the 1950s. Communists were fired from university positions on the ground that they were members of a disciplined organization with secrets to keep and thus could not be trusted to teach freely. No one established the validity of these charges in the cases of Communists who were dismissed. But, in the C.I.A. Officer-in-Residence Program, historian Leonard Marsak argues, "we have an individual who is a member of an organization that has in fact committed illegal acts, who is under discipline with secrets to keep, and so in no position to teach freely, as the university rightly requires."

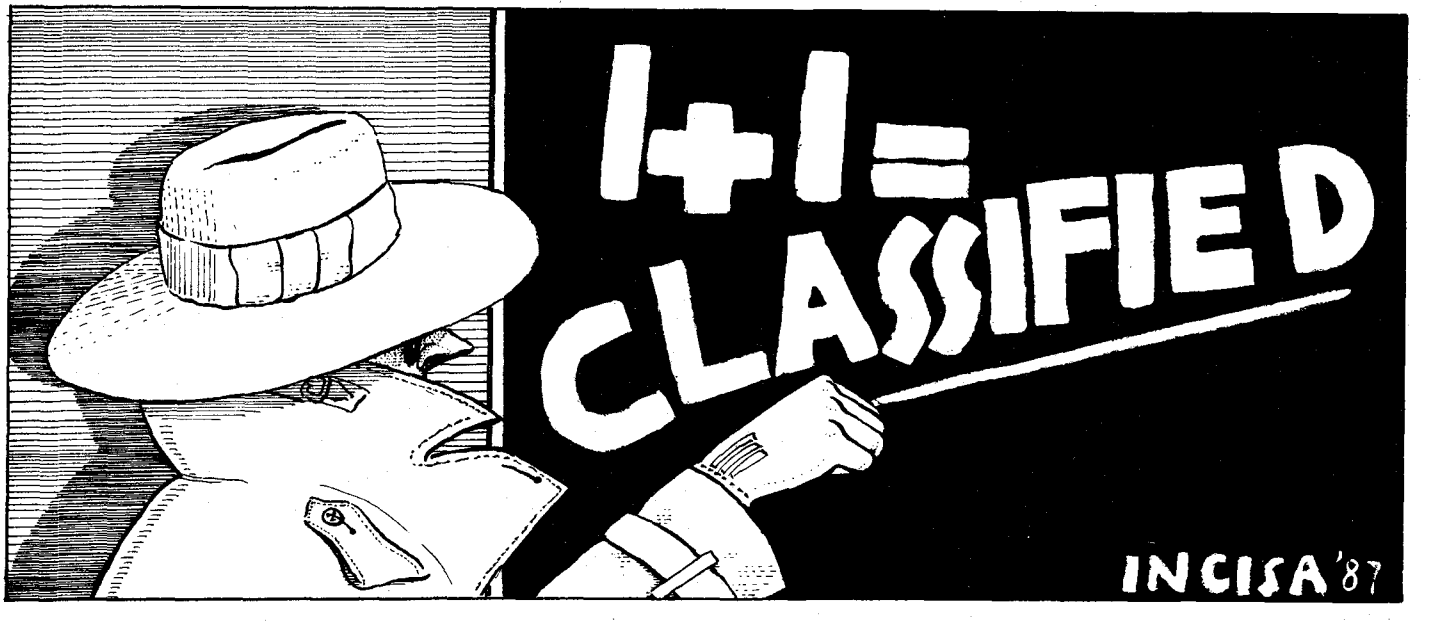
Chritton lacks the usual qualifications for a teaching position in the political science department. He earned a B.A. in 1955 from Occidental College in Los Angeles, according to C.I.A. spokesman Devine, and was a graduate student at Princeton University. He served in the Air Force and has thirty years' experience in what Devine called "a variety of C.I.A. management jobs." According to the book *Dirty Work: The CIA in Western Europe*, edited by Philip Agee and Louis Wolf, Chritton joined the agency in 1960. His subsequent posts included Ankara, Turkey, from 1963 to 1965, under State Department cover as an embassy attaché and political officer—just before the massive government repression of the late 1960s. He served in Katmandu from 1967 to 1969, and Malta from 1972 to 1974. He has told students his area of specialty is Africa. (When students tried to consult their library's copy of *Dirty Work*, they found it had been checked out by Chritton until April 1988.)

Chritton has appeared in an international relations class, where he took questions from students. "People asked about links between the C.I.A. and Iran/*contra* affair," says Dan Zumwinkle, a member of the Associated Students Legislative Council and a student in the class. "Chritton is a congenial older man; he chuckled and said, 'I'm not very familiar with that area.' He's pretty good at evasion."

"It's not hard to see what they are doing," says Jan Sallinger-McBride, a Ph.D. student in political science who is active in the student movement. "They sent us a man who is pleasant to talk to, a deacon in his church. He doesn't look anything like a killer. People think, 'That jolly little fat guy couldn't have done anything much.' His normality is one of the best weapons they have."

"Santa Barbara is part of a C.I.A. pilot program," Sallinger-McBride argues. "The reaction on the first four campuses to the Officer-in-Residence Program will determine its future at other universities. We want to prevent decisions like this from being made in secret at other schools, without the knowledge or consent of their university communities."

Meanwhile, student opposition to U.C.S.B.'s ties to the C.I.A. continues to grow. Two weeks after the sit-in and arrests, C.I.A. critic John Stockwell spoke in the largest hall on campus to an overflow crowd of 1,000 people. The next day 300 attended a rally and mock funeral for academic freedom. The day after that a debate between supporters and detractors of the C.I.A. was scheduled. Santa Barbara in the 1980s has been known more for its surfers than its student activists; that image, along with the image of today's students as Reaganites, apparently needs to be revised. □



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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Butterfly Effect

DAVID PARK

CHAOS: Making a New Science. *By James Gleick. Viking. 352 pp. $19.95.*

In a room where the air is still, the smoke from a cigarette rises in a straight column for a few inches; above that the stream begins to waver with motion that never repeats itself. Why does the turbulence wait before it starts? Look: At the top the whole stream wavers at once. How does the still air make that happen? It is an example of a chaotic process, and it is beginning to be understood.

Our moon moves around the earth, turning slowly as it goes so as always to keep the same face toward us. So do the dozens of other satellites in the solar system, though some turn a little faster. Only one, Saturn's moon Hyperion, tumbles erratically as it moves, flopping over and over, never repeating itself. This is another example of a chaotic process. Why does it respond so erratically when the only force influencing its motion is the gentle, slowly varying attraction of Saturn? And why only Hyperion? The answers to these questions are now well understood.

These are two examples of chaotic physical processes that seem to contradict an unspoken intuition we have that simple causes operating in simple situations ought to produce simple and predictable effects. The physical world is a mechanism, and we are supposed to know the laws that govern a mechanism. In simple cases we should be able to predict what the mechanism will do, and in fact we can predict eclipses hundreds of years in advance with little error. Of course there will be some error. The initial data will not be perfectly correct and no calculation is perfectly accurate, and so a little error does not surprise us.

But what if the calculation does not work so smoothly? What if little mistakes in the initial data or in the calculation produce an immense error in the result? This is a common enough situation. In principle, it is possible to control the spin of a roulette wheel and release the ball so that it will fall as one wishes it to fall, but the wheel is designed so that no human can make the margin of error small enough. We have words to use in this situation of unpredictability, words like "randomness" and "chance." For discussing the same kind of unpredictability in the motion of a column of smoke or a moon of Saturn, scientists have begun to use the word "chaos." Hyperion does not tumble at random; there are good reasons for every change of position, but the result is as if they occurred at random. The new word is needed.

Such situations have long been recognized, but only with the advent of high-speed computers did it begin to be possible to investigate them. Typically, one calculates something very accurately using some initial data, then changes the data microscopically and calculates again. If the calculation is stable the result only differs microscopically. If it is unstable the result is entirely different. Moderate differences are rarely found. If there is instability, and if the initial data are of finite precision, a believable prediction cannot be made, and we must discuss the future in terms that underwriters and gamblers use: statistical terms, the laws of chance. (In the world of atoms and elementary particles there is also unpredictability, but the chaos discussed here has a different origin. Hyperion is big.)

Thirty years ago meteorologists started to use computers to turn weather forecasting from a semiempirical science into an exact one. In 1960 Edward Lorenz, at M.I.T., invented a simple mathematical model of the atmosphere that was intended to explain some general features of the development of a weather pattern. The equations could not be solved with pencil and paper, and when he put them into his primitive machine he discovered that they are unstable. The calculated changes seemed to occur at random (just as the patterns on the daily weather map do), and this suggested that to make any useful predictions over a few days or a week one would need more information about the present than we are ever likely to have. In his new book, James Gleick, an editor and reporter at *The New York Times*, tells about Lorenz and his calculations and mentions the half-serious myth known as the Butterfly Effect, which flows from the instability of equations like Lorenz's: "the notion that a butterfly stirring the air today in Peking can transform storm systems next month in New York."

Mathematical solutions evaporate into meaninglessness; the problems remain. What is to be done about them? People used to talk of mathematical certainty. That still exists, as much as it ever did, but the sciences progress by extending their domains. Gleick writes the story of a new mathematics that deals with phenomena of unpredictability; call it "chaology" if you want, the word is older than you think. The story follows the conventional pattern of visionary young and reluctant old, the clash of generations and the rise of a group of strikingly gifted mathematicians and physicists who might never have emerged into the sunlight if they had followed conventional lines. It tells of scientists imagining, longing, striving and occasionally finding something worthwhile, the way new science is created and is only occasionally described.

If the analysis of chaos cannot predict, it can at least explain. Consider, for example, a simple model of the spread of a contagious disease. Obviously, if more people get it, if they are ill longer, if it is more contagious, then more people are likely to be infected. But epidemics never kill all of us, for there are countervailing tendencies. Especially, if more people catch the disease one year and become immune, there will be fewer people for it to infect the next year. One might expect that an equilibrium would result, so that the rate of infection would be roughly constant from year to year. But if the problem is studied, even with a very simple model, the new modes of analysis show that this is not necessarily the case. There may also be periodic outbreaks (as formerly with measles) or great epidemics that seem to come at random.

Present analyses tend to treat questions chosen for their simplicity and the availability of data: epidemics, economic movements and the great fluctuations in the number of lynxes killed annually in Canada since 1755; for at the moment the new science has outrun its

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applications. But now is the right time for this excellent book. The scientists, most of whom Gleick has interviewed, are still very active, and the field has not yet so ramified into subspecialties that it cannot be surveyed.

In the last few years there have been a number of very careful, intelligent and well-written books to tell the general reader about the latest adventures in science: the ideas, the people who made them and the human side of their work. James Gleick has set himself a hard task, for his subject is largely mathematical and the public is not ready for equations. He does the best that can be done in describing who is working, how they work and what it means. For those who want to know what they actually do, there are references in the notes. *Chaos* is a book that deserves to be read, for it chronicles the birth of a new scientific technique that may someday be important. Even at this stage it encourages us to look at our unpredictable world a little differently. □

The Post-Heroic Style

GEOFFREY FIELD

THE MASK OF COMMAND. *By John Keegan. Elisabeth Sifton Books/Viking. 368 pp. $18.95.*

The current flood of books and articles about warfare and society reflects a growing scholarly conviction that war is too important to be left to military historians. Few would want to echo Churchill's assertion that "the story of the human race is War," but the liberal nineteenth-century view that wars were regrettable interruptions of normal peaceful development seems, if anything, even more distorted. New research is piling up on the sociology of armies, the relationship between the state and the military, the demographic and other complex social consequences of war, including its impact upon women, the family and the framing of social policy. What was once regarded as almost a separate discipline narrowly preoccupied with strategy, generals, military institutions and weaponry, has been stretched and reshaped beyond recognition.

These assaults upon traditional military history have not come exclusively from outside. Insiders have played a conspicuous role, and none more than John Keegan, formerly a teacher at the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst and now defense correspondent for the London *Daily Telegraph*. Keegan's earlier and much acclaimed studies, *The Face of Battle* and *Six Armies in Normandy*, made clear the general configuration of his interests. He explores the reality of war as experienced by those who participate in it. Large themes such as technological change, the social and economic sinews of war and the ways in which a nation's military reproduces its values and traditions are woven into first-rate analysis of the immediate and practical problems of fighting and command. The result is a fascinating and intensely human picture of war as a cultural activity, a picture that is rigorously contextualized but invites wider speculation about the place of warfare in human history.

Keegan's new book is about command and styles of heroic leadership, a conventional enough subject, but not in the incisive way he approaches it. Through four case studies—of Alexander the Great, the Duke of Wellington, Ulysses S. Grant and Adolf Hitler—he reflects upon the changing character of generalship over two thousand years of Western history. His chosen framework—four variations on the theme of heroism—at times seems too narrow and schematic, but numerous historical comparisons widen the study's focus and make it much more than a loosely linked quartet of commanders. Nor is Keegan's interest confined to the past: indeed, the full implications of his treatment of heroism only become apparent at the end in a discussion of the leadership style appropriate to a nuclear world.

The "mask of command" is the countenance a leader shows to his followers, those external attributes conducive to power over them, presented in a way that reflects their needs. In the case of Alexander the Great, it is the only image we have, for we know little of his inner life and ideas. His extraordinary career, in which he mastered the Greek world, conquered the Persian empire and projected his power as far as India, left a model of heroic leadership for ambitious men across the centuries. It was a highly theatrical style in which the leader's spectacular armor, dramatic oratory and self-association with the gods set him apart, while his meticulous provisioning and close knowledge of and concern for his soldiers made him one of them. On the battlefield he sought victory by risk-taking and self-exposure. Attacking an enemy at his strongest point, always in front himself, this Homeric-type hero was totally absorbed in the thick of the fighting.

Alexandrian heroism found innumerable imitators throughout the history of warfare, but increasingly, argues Keegan, a second theory of generalship predominated. Growth in the size and complexity of armies, intensification of drill and increasing use of reserve formations made it imperative for generals to position themselves close enough to see and know what was happening but suitably distant to be able to direct the battle as a whole. Just two centuries after Alexander, Philo of Byzantium asserted that a general must prescribe and direct the heroism of others: "It is your duty not to take part in the battle, for whatever you may accomplish by spilling your own blood could not compare with the harm you would do to your interests as a whole if anything happened to you."

The next two case studies examine the evolution of this new style in the nineteenth century. Keegan's admiration for Wellington is evident throughout, and his analysis of the Iron Duke's command at Waterloo is a fine companion piece to his earlier descriptions of the fighting in *The Face of Battle*. We gain an excellent picture of Wellington's tireless movement from one section of the battlefield to the next, in close range of the fighting, personally directing the action, using the topography to screen his troops, scrutinizing enemy movements in search of an advantage and moving decisively when an opportunity arose. Aloof, supervisory, known to his soldiers as "the long-nosed bastard that beats the French," Wellington was, in Keegan's words, "perhaps the most perfect embodiment of the gentlemanly ideal England has ever produced": disciplined, modest, self-assured, reticent. Wearing civilian clothes, he avoided all self-dramatization and scorned Napoleon's histrionics. His was a deliberately antiheroic style: efficient, unemotional and rooted in the belief that both armies and societies were naturally hierarchical, where the best—by breeding and training—

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must rule with a firm hand.

If Wellington's style suited aristocratic Georgian England, Grant's reflected both the mood of American democracy and the vast technological changes that transformed war in the next half-century. By the 1860s the growing density and accuracy of rifle and artillery fire created wider and more lethal "killing zones" than were previously imaginable. Railroads and the telegraph had also revolutionized logistics and communications. Keegan examines Grant, supreme commander of the Union armies, as an exemplar of the new professionalism. Trained at West Point, grasping fully the significance of river, rail and cable links, he was exceptionally good at anticipating the intentions of his opponents and ruthless in carrying the war into the heart of the Confederacy. In battle Grant remained close to the action, rallying dispirited regiments at Shiloh—the battle Keegan examines in detail—and gathering knowledge of conditions at first hand, but always keeping himself as protected as possible. He was neither in front like Alexander nor exposed like Wellington: instead he exercised a kind of complete "forward control" (one thinks of Guderian, Rommel and Montgomery in World War II).

Yet this consciously unheroic professional with his plain, simple style and horror of display (a stark contrast to the grandeur of Lee) captured the popular imagination; he seemed an expression of the Republic's populism with his firm sense of the subordination of the military to civilian government and his recognition that the volunteer and largely untrained troops of a people's army must be "led, not driven to battle." Moltke and the European professionals may have disparaged the Civil War as "an affair of armed mobs," but it can well claim the title of "the first modern war"—in its industrial underpinning, the direct engagement of entire populations and the fact that it became a "total" conflict. Surprisingly, Keegan does not explore the disregard of Europeans for the lessons this conflict afforded. He also says little about the strategic devastations carried out by Grant and Sherman (analogous to modern aerial bombardment in destroying the resources needed for war), or their willingness to sacrifice large numbers of men to achieve their ends.

Keegan's final exemplar of command is Hitler, who, like Alexander, combined in one personality supreme political and

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military power. We are all familiar with the planning inconsistencies that marred the invasion of Soviet Russia, with the *Führer*'s preference for yes-men and the replacement of all but the most sycophantic of advisers. Numerous accounts have also detailed his stubborn refusal to contemplate the real circumstances of his armies in the East, which prevented any withdrawal and trapped the Sixth Army in the ruins of Stalingrad. Can there be anything new to add? Astonishingly enough, Keegan offers a fresh and original perspective on Hitler's strengths and deficiencies as a military leader, largely by close reference to his war experiences on the Western Front.

The figure that emerges from this analysis is more soldier and front-fighter than politician. For Hitler politics was war or at least the preparation for war and his unswerving goal was to realize the victory that had seemed so near in 1918. Present at the bloodiest battles on the Western Front, three times wounded and decorated with the Iron Cross for his bravery, Hitler's identification with the war generation was complete. It permeated his personality, politics and generalship. The relentless stalemate of trench warfare sharpened his appreciation of new methods of warfare and new technology, especially the tank, the chief instrument of his bold strategies in Poland and France. But his own service having been exclusively in the West, he had no sense of the vast distances and immense climatic obstacles to campaigning in the East. He also adhered to the World War I doctrine that an army that has ceased to advance is best protected by holding its line.

Already in World War I the immense scale of battles and the ferocity of the bombardment had produced a "Chateau generalship," with the fighting being directed from fifty miles back. Hitler himself had served in the highly exposed position of messenger or battalion runner, preserving communication with the most forward troops. He preferred to run his own war from a series of extremely remote headquarters, sometimes as much as a thousand miles from the action. Distance was typical of Eisenhower's command, too, but he never attempted the same concentration of all operations and decisions. Confident of his ability to maintain direct control via newly developed wireless technology and not recognizing the deficiencies of such information, Hitler overrode the advice of subordinate commanders on the scene. Stubborn will epitomized his larger strategy; pedantic meddling with details increasingly substituted for professional tactics. This, Keegan argues, was superficial generalship, haphazard, amateurish. It was also "false heroic," chiefly because it sought to eliminate the distance between commander and combat troops by a propaganda blitz that portrayed Hitler as a suffering hero, whose personal experience of war and whose present ordeal of command allowed him to internalize and share the hardships of his soldiers.

Each of these four case studies forms a separate entity of its own. Combined, they evince a general theme about the reshaping of heroic leadership in response to social and military change. This has contemporary significance as well, and Keegan concludes with a glance at the nuclear age. His comments are too brief, more tantalizing than substantive. He notes that the inevitable secrecy surrounding nuclear command procedures conflicts with democratic openness, but does little to explore the consequences. He also goes on to defend S.D.I. as a continuation of the underrated tradition of military fortification and as an "enormously hopegiving initiative." Keegan views it not as the impregnable protective astrodome of Reagan's dreams, but as a means of slowing the ever-increasing velocities of likely nuclear crises. Star Wars becomes a way of procuring more time for rational conduct in a crisis.

Regrettably, Keegan takes no account of contrary arguments. Star Wars technology may be publicized as purely defensive, but the distinction between defensive and offensive is murky indeed (and there are plenty of historical parallels here). Soviet fears that the United States is aiming for first-strike capacity could well produce, if the current round of negotiations falters, new offensive countermeasures and the increasing militarization of space. Moreover, even a "leaky" shield means in plain language tens of millions of dead, and nobody is going to make rational decisions under those nightmarish conditions. He also ignores the social and economic cost: the huge diversion of resources and the potentially destabilizing impact of these immense expenditures—all undertaken on the basis of technical and strategic assumptions that are highly questionable.

Discussing the appropriate mode of leadership for today when ultimate command has shifted to civilian heads

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of state, and war means mutual destruction, Keegan calls for a "post-heroic" style, one that will inhibit, not instigate, conflict. We certainly need less posturing, less readiness to use foreign policy for domestic political ends, and more modesty, prudence and rational thinking to counter the computerized hair-trigger readiness of the technology. But I find Keegan's recommended style too limited, too passive. Surely there is need for a different kind of heroism: the courage to pursue forthrightly and unambiguously a strategy of reducing and eliminating nuclear stockpiles. And in this instance our leaders' place should be out in front, like Alexander. □

THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

American Splendor
All the King's Men
Joe Turner's Come and Gone
Into the Woods

Harvey Pekar is the author and self-publisher of the autobiographical comic book of subterranean fame *American Splendor*, which has been adapted for the theater by Lloyd Rose to become the inaugural presentation of the "Stage Four" series of new plays at the Arena Stage in Washington. The series could not have begun more auspiciously. *American Splendor* has metamorphosed from comic book to stage play as naturally as a butterfly—with none of the sense of its seeming a pantomimed synopsis that attends the stage adaptations of most novels (including Arena Stage's concurrent production of *All the King's Men*). Pekar's rambling monologues and pithy anecdotes of office life in a Cleveland V.A. hospital have been laced together into a lively, lifelike memory play that faithfully captures the piquant flavors and gritty textures of its source. The original comic book, which lately reached its twelfth issue, was illustrated by a variety of underground artists (R. Crumb, Gerry Shamray, Greg Budgett, et al.), and so Pekar's many-timbred voice—whining, schmoozy, tickled, resigned, wistful, self-accusing—was filtered through as diverse a range of graphic masks. Thus, the actor who undertakes the role is only the latest of Pekar's many interpreters, enjoying the advantage of the illustrators' directorial kibitzing but under the onus of mirroring in his single person the multifaceted Pekar of their corporate co-creation. Twenty-one-year Arena veteran Richard Bauer manages to do just that, and his six fellow actors (who slip in and out of four times that many roles) similarly catch the tone of the original cartooned characters. The result is a verbatim transcript of the Mad Hatter's Tea Party of everyday blue-collar life, Saroyan with a twist of bitter lemon.

Among the cast's drollest cameos were Carolyn Swift as a dewy-eyed but very businesslike hooker; Richard Grusin as a freeloader who has transcended all shame; Isiah Whitlock Jr. as an elderly janitor with the self-assurance of Pope Paul; and Anderson Matthews as Toby, a young man who attains a sense of personal worth through seeing the movie *Revenge of the Nerds*. No doubt part of the play's pleasure comes from knowing that all its zanies and their antics are real people and true stories, from which it follows that our own humdrum lives would be equally worthy of celebration if we only had the knack of Pekar, his adapter Rose and director James C. Nicola of editing our raw transcripts into what is, after all, not an ironic title, American Splendor.

For a Pirandelloesque fillip, Pekar himself was at the theater on the evening I saw his play, and so I was able to compare Bauer's version of Pekar not only with the illustrated versions but with their living original. I must say, in praise of both Bauer and Thalia, muse of comedy, that Bauer's presentation of the Pekar persona seemed more polished and authoritative than Pekar's own improvisation in that role after the play.

However, in *All the King's Men* it was real life that emerged the victor, for I can't imagine anyone leaving this stage adaptation of Robert Penn Warren's 1946 fictionalization of Huey Long's rise and fall without wishing the Arena Stage had commissioned a theatrical biography instead. The fault was not with the director or actors, who gave it their all, nor even with the adapter, but inheres in the novel, whose narrator, callow young Jack Burden (played here by Casey Biggs) is forever upstaging the object of our curiosity, Willie Stark (or Huey Long), with his own extraneous Oedipal conflicts. Warren's mythopoeic pretensions have dated badly, and there is the additional difficulty that the novel

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Under the cover of "making the world safe for democracy", the U.S. has countless Military interventions and covert operations directed at destabilizing sovereign nations and popularly supported governments. Washington, D.C.'s rhetoric about democratic rights is twice over a fraud. Its global exploits have more to do with propping up multinational corporate interests than with the export of democracy. And the U.S. record on democracy at home is abysmal.

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has already served as the basis for a classic motion picture and a nationally televised opera.

Adapter Adrian Hall tries to breathe some contemporary relevance into the thrice-told tale by decorating the action with some of Randy Newman's choicer songs, but though song by song they can be fun, the final effect is of a Weill without a Brecht. Newman's mock anthem "Rednecks" ("We're rednecks! We're rednecks, keepin' the niggers down") is a more withering commentary on Dixie's special brand of politics than anything in Warren's antiquated plot with its lily-white dramatis personae. Despite all this, it must be said that Stanley Anderson gave a vivid impersonation of Stark/Long. The staging in the round by Douglas C. Wager also offered its own purely technical pleasures, especially for a tourist from New York City, where no comparable full-service arena theater exists.

The high point of my weekend in Washington was the production (imported from the Yale Repertory Theatre) at the Arena complex's Kreeger Theater of August Wilson's *Joe Turner's Come and Gone*, which seems predestined to repeat the success of Wilson's *Fences* and sweep up all available awards once it arrives on Broadway. *Joe Turner* is set in a Pittsburgh boardinghouse in 1911 and so is the earliest of the three plays so far completed in Wilson's projected decade-by-decade history of the black experience in America. It is also the most ambitious and well crafted of the three, with an emotional Richter-scale reading and complexity of social interaction larger than those of either *Fences* or *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom*.

No doubt this represents the rising trajectory of Wilson's florescing art, but I can't resist trotting out, briefly, my notion that boardinghouses and their like are an ideal milieu for a well-made play, being equidistant from the suffocating confines of family life and the aleatory hurly-burly of the Rialto. There love and civility have equal claims, and sex is a constant possibility and/or danger. There intimacy exists independently of dependency, for each boarder must pay his or her own rent. The boardinghouse is a microcosm of post-lapsarian, dog-eat-dog life, and if a happy ending can end up happening there, it is all the more a source of uplift and wonder.

That is as much of the plot of *Joe Turner's Come and Gone* as I intend to give away (and in fact, it's rather a lot of it). Wilson's plays are particularly susceptible to the damage that can be done by spoiler reviews that synopsize every twist and turn of the plot except the denouement, since Wilson constructs his plays to rise to a few slam-bang *coups de théâtre*, which lose much of their power if one knows they're coming.

As for credit, the production that Yale Rep brought to Washington deserves high marks in all departments. Lloyd Richards directed in a manner that confirmed his right of eminent directorial domain to the work of August Wilson. The set by Scott Bradley had the homespun patina of a Norman Rockwell cover: one look and you wanted to take up residence in the year 1911. And the eleven cast members turned in performances ranging from solid to explosive, according to the requirements of their roles. The most explosive of all, and the undoubted star of the occasion (though he actually clocks in less time onstage than several others in the cast), is Delroy Lindo, an actor with the build of Wilt Chamberlain and the demeanor of Rasputin. As the philosophic yin to Lindo's feral yang, Ed Hall as Bynum Walker delivers two or three lyric set-pieces that are as show- and heart-stopping as Lindo's bravura feats of physical acting. There were also notable performances from L. Scott Caldwell as the boardinghouse landlady, Raynor Scheine as a young laborer tempted by the siren-song of music, and Kimberly Scott and Kimberleigh Aarn in roles that can't be described without spoiling Wilson's story.

Stephen Sondheim has never come closer, off his own bat, to creating a wholly successful musical comedy than this time around, with *Into the Woods*. But once again his reach exceeds his grasp, and perhaps that is all to the good, for it may be that the secret of his (relative) success is that he entertains an unrealizable ambition. Meanwhile, as he assaults one unclimbable mountain after another, he surely does entertain us, and never more abundantly than in *Into the Woods*. May he go on failing forever, so long as his near-misses are as rich as this.

Sondheim's basic problem is that he aspires to honesty—nay, profundity!—in a medium dedicated to providing security-blanket comforts. Is your marriage foundering on the shoals of adultery? Then sing a song of accommodation to the facts of life. Do you fear death? You're not alone. Are systemic greed and corruption a cause for concern? Then you may yearn for the Somewhere there's a place for nobler possibilities, knowing all the while that Romeo and Juliet (and maybe even Cinderella) will die. These are the "answers" Sondheim tends to offer, and if they're not identical to Rodgers and Hammerstein's solutions to the sweet mystery of life, they differ chiefly in the lack of confidence with which Sondheim advocates Positive Thinking. "No One Is Alone," Cinderella sings to her adoptive child Little Red Riding Hood, but the melody doesn't soar, and the lyrics are hedged with qualifications, and when the song is reprised by the ghost of an adulterous wife to her morose widower, the heart does not beat faster.

But that comes, like a marathon runner with bloody feet, at the very end of Act II, after more than a dozen good songs delivered by as many memorable major characters, after an abundance of laughter and a steady succession of stage marvels, marvelously varied between the deliciously *faux naïve* (a mobile of birds advising Cinderella) and the delectably literal (a wolf with anatomically correct genitalia). Credit for these feats must be shared between Charles Reynolds, the "Magic Consultant," and set designer Tony Straiges. The costumes by Ann Hould-Ward are the stuff legends are made of, like Judy Garland's red slippers. Indeed, for brio, drollery and gosh-wow, what-next excitement, Act I

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of *Into the Woods* is right up there with *The Wizard of Oz*.

Sondheim doesn't write tunes you'll hum on the way home from the theater, nor do his songs constitute an invitation to the dance, but no one this side of Cole Porter can be so witty and so musical at the same time, and Sondheim is even superior to Porter in the variety of dramatic situations he can find musical expression for. Among the tracks that would soonest get scratched from overuse on my own hypothetical cast album would be the duets of the Wolf and Red Riding Hood ("Hello, Little Girl") and of the two Prince Charmings, Cinderella's and Rapunzel's ("Agony," which is the one song that grows larger in its reprise), Cinderella's patter song, "On the Steps of the Palace," and Red Riding Hood's *après-le-loup*, "I Know Things Now." Indeed, the only one of the show's long lineup of stars who isn't given at least one great song is Bernadette Peters's Witch; she, no doubt because of her top-of-the-marquee status, gets what are intended to be the show-stoppers. Alas, they stop the show in a way that wasn't intended—almost in its tracks.

Orchestrator Jonathan Tunick has lowered the sonic hurdle that the singers must leap for their words to reach the audience intact, and as a result Sondheim's wit is almost always apprehensible (as it was not for half the songs in *Sweeney Todd*).

James Lapine, who both wrote the book and directed, surely deserves credit equal to Sondheim's for what works—and for what doesn't. But to deal at equal length or in any detail with the story Lapine has confected from four traditional (and one ersatz) fairy tales would defuse the book's surprises and ingenuities. As for the cast, outside of such operas as *Don Giovanni* or *La Gioconda* I've never seen so many stellar performances in a single show in my life. Danielle Ferland, a high school student from Connecticut, as Little Red Riding Hood, gives the kind of performance that should have half the producers on Broadway scheming to create a vehicle for her to star in once she leaves *Into the Woods*, and while they're at it they could co-star her with Ben Wright, making his Broadway debut as Jack. As a team they'd be a near contemporary equivalent to Garland and Rooney. Kim Crosby, as Cinderella, has a quality of comic wholesomeness reminiscent of the young Mary Tyler Moore, and Robert Westenberg, doubling as her Prince and Red Riding Hood's Wolf, is the strongest male presence in a show dominated by the Eternal Feminine—and particularly by Joanna Gleason, as the Baker's Wife. It is Gleason who gets the best two scenes in the after-the-happy-ending Act II, and after she's paid the traditional price (death, what else?) for an adulterous interlude, the show spins out of control like a mad carousel. But while it lasted, what wonderful fun. I'd happily go back to see it all again tonight—even if it meant paying the price of a Broadway ticket. I can think of no higher praise. □

MRS. KRIKORIAN

Today I remembered Mrs. Krikorian,
how she saved my bacon. I arrived in sixth grade
a known criminal, and the new teacher
asked me to stay after school the first day, she said
I've heard about you.
She was a tall woman, deep-breasted, with a
mass of dark hair around her face
and a large, calm nose. She said
You see this? It was a little card,
small white card that saved me from evil,
This is a special library pass.
As soon as you finish the hour's work—that
hour's work that took ten minutes and
then the devil glanced into the room and
found me empty, a house standing open, FOR
RENT, FOR SALE, FIRE SALE, FIRE—
you can go to the library. Hour after hour I'd
zip through the work and slip out of my
seat like an angel out of God's side and sail
down to the library, down through the empty
powerful halls, flash my pass and
sashay over to the dictionary to
look up *spank*, dipping two fingers
into the vat of library paste to
suck that minty mucilage while I
came to the page with the cocker spaniel's
silks curling up like the fine steam of the body.
After *spank* and *breast* I'd move on to
Abe Lincoln and *Helen Keller*,
lost in goodness till the bell—all thanks to
Mrs. Krikorian, amiable giantess
with the brown eyes. Next she asked me to
write a Christmas play and direct it, and
when it was imperfect and I hid in the closet came
up to me in the coaty rubbery
dark and held out a tiny cane of
scarlet and milk-white peppermint as you
lay a candy on the tongue of a child and the
worm will come up out of the bowel to get it.
And so I was emptied of Lucifer and
filled with school glue and eros and
Amelia Earhart, saved by Mrs. Krikorian.
Today for the first time I saw:
Mrs. Krikorian was Armenian. And then:
who saved Mrs. Krikorian?
When the Turks came across the fields like a thresher
flailing its blades, who slid her
into the slit belly of a quilt, who
locked her in a chest, who mailed her to America?
And that one, who saved her, when the Turks
came with their thumpers, their rat-hunt clubs,
and that one,
who saved her to save the one who
saved Mrs. Krikorian who was
standing there on the sill of sixth grade like a
wide-hipped angel, aura of smokey
hair standing up lightly all around her head?
I end up owing my soul to so many,
to the Armenian nation, one more soul someone
jammed behind a stove, drove
deep into the crack of a wall,
shoved under a bed. I remember
lying there, under the bed
in the dusk, the dust-balls at my head and feet
round and silver, shining slightly with the
eerie sweetness of what is neither good nor evil.

Sharon Olds

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MUSIC.

DANIEL WOLFF

Michael Jackson: Bad
Prince: Sign O' the Times

A black kid comes back from his exclusive prep school to the ghetto where he was raised. The passage from privilege to poverty returns him to his mother's cold-water flat and his old street-gang's hangout. The other kids want to know how he's changed: Pale and uncomfortable in his hooded sweat shirt and sneakers, he looks physically altered, as if the effects of white society were as drastic as surgery. "Are you bad?" his brothers ask him. The only place to test him is on the street, where he can either mug someone and prove his manhood—or chicken out and turn his back on his own culture.

Up to this point, the story could be a fictional version of the life of Edmund Perry, the 17-year-old black honors graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy who was shot and killed two years ago by a plainclothes cop he was allegedly attempting to rob. Perry's death was the occasion for widespread accusations of police brutality and racism; his brother, Jonah (a sophomore at Cornell), arrested as an accomplice to the crime, was later acquitted. The story became front-page news and the basis for a book, *Best Intentions: The Education and Killing of Edmund Perry* by Robert Sam Anson.

But this isn't the story of Edmund Perry: this is *Bad*, the latest Michael Jackson video, which marks the pop star's return to the music scene after a three-year absence. And in his homecoming drama, Jackson, as the preppie, refuses to go ahead with the crime. Instead, at the climactic moment, he pushes the intended victim to safety and turns on his old buddies.

If there's a single instant that captures the potential impact of Michael Jackson's celebrity, it is the freeze-frame ending of his earlier *Beat It* video. There, he joined a black fist and a white fist together, turning gang warfare into dance, as if the sheer exuberance of his performance could end the racism that guts our cities. If there's an instant that captures the pressures of this year's comeback, it's the moment in the *Bad* video when Jackson turns on his brothers, his face contorted, and shouts: "You ain't nothin'!"

At that point, the picture goes from black and white to color. A multiracial dance group appears out of nowhere; Jackson is suddenly dressed in a buckled leather outfit straight out of the Mad Max movies. The music begins. But unlike the irresistible, paranoid rhythm of *Beat It* and the moon walks, knee kicks and triple spins that have brought audiences to their feet, the routine that follows is predictable and dated. It isn't that Jackson's lost his touch. *Bad* is a number one hit; the album of the same name, full of professional, exciting rock and roll, has already sold over 3 million copies; and Jackson can still move with the best of them. Though a pop veteran, he is, after all, only 29. But before he's even sung a note, it's clear that something's changed. The video never quite shakes the image of Jackson, the black hero, turning on the three black ghetto kids and telling them what they've heard over and over again: "You ain't nothin'!"

The image of a homecoming turned sour is an apt one for Michael Jackson's career in 1987. As Dave Marsh points out in *Trapped*, his underrated study of Jackson, the young star engineered a popular crossover unprecedented for any performer, black or white. *Thriller* sold a record-breaking 30 million copies worldwide, making a reported $50 million in royalties for Jackson alone. Compare that to the 18 million copies sold by Bruce Springsteen's international smash *Born in the U.S.A.*, and you have some idea of the dimension of Jackson's triumph. And he did it not as a muscular, white, working-class hero from New Jersey, but as an androgynous, squeaky-voiced black out of the Gary, Indiana ghetto.

His fall from grace was almost equally spectacular. His 1984 "Victory Tour" with his brothers from the old Jackson 5 was plagued by high ticket prices, questionable security arrangements and mediocre music. The idol of pre-schoolers, teen-agers and jaded rock fans burned out, leaving room for the next pop flash and reducing his cross-cultural, cross-racial accomplishment to another line in *The Guinness Book of World Records*. Jackson's image, already eccentric, quickly became more so. He held a news conference to deny that he was a homosexual and that he had undergone facial surgery. He retired to his mansion near Beverly Hills, where he lived with his family and a collection of exotic animals and life-sized cartoon figures. He tried to buy the bones of the Elephant Man, as if his only interest now was in the abnormal and the spectacular.

Reviews of the *Bad* album, while praising Quincy Jones's production and cuts like the gnashing "Another Part of Me" or the crooning romance of "Liberian Girl," have tended to explain the backlash Jackson faces in terms of his increasingly bizarre image. He does look more and more like Diana Ross drained of blood. But Jackson was a strange figure five years ago when the public went wild for him. The image of the abnormal, "sissified" star is not new to black music. It's as current as Prince and runs back through Little Richard and Screamin' Jay Hawkins (whose stage show opened with his emergence from a velvet-lined coffin) to early blues singers like George Hannah who, sixty years ago, was singing: "There was a time when I was alone, my freakish ways to treat/but they're so common now, you get one every day of the week." Michael Jackson's freakishness isn't an impediment in either the black or white pop world. It is a traditional method that black stars have used to transcend or disguise racial barriers. Part of the delight of the *Thriller* video was in the irony with which Jackson acknowledged this tradition, repeatedly switching identities and sharing the joke with his fans.

But in 1987, the barriers are harder to break, and the polarization *Thriller* transcended is more severe. Jackson's response is to repeat himself. Unlike Springsteen, Stevie Wonder or Prince, Jackson seems to picture himself less as an artist and spokesperson than as an entertainer in the old, almost vaudevillian sense. He is this generation's Judy Garland: a star trained since kindergarten to perform. So, after using the *Bad* video to define the racial barriers he sees himself up against, Jackson proceeds to try and bury them in show biz. "Who's bad?" he sings over and over again, grabbing his crotch and pointing at the three street kids. Then he bounces off the walls in dance routines that are supposed to convince us that *he* is, that nothing has changed and he can duplicate the *Thriller* formula of being both funky and innocent. No wonder the music sounds a little dated. Like the dancing, it's an attempt to protect Jackson's gains.

As we watch him go through *Bad*'s highly choreographed paces, it becomes obvious that Jackson has almost no sense of time or place. He's singing from that

Daniel Wolff's essay on Paul Simon's Graceland *appears in the winter issue of* Threepenny Review.

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vacuum which has been a byproduct of rock stardom since Elvis. In Bill Flanagan's excellent book on rock songwriting, *Written in My Soul*, Springsteen talks about his response to the isolation that comes with success. "I felt in a position of privilege," he says, "and I felt that with that came responsibility. Didn't have to worry about the rent and the heat now. . . . All I know is, when I got to that place I felt that the action was back in town, in neighborhoods. And I was still basically there myself. I hadn't really gone anyplace."

Comparing Jackson to Springsteen only underlines the problems faced by a black rock star. Springsteen has the option of pretending to be just a regular, white, working-class guy: he has solved the problem of following *Born in the U.S.A.* by making a personal, quiet, country and western influenced record, *Tunnel of Love*. Jackson doesn't have the option of returning to his roots, even if he wanted to: There's no indication in today's pop scene that you can come on as just a regular black guy and successfully crossover. Since Chuck Berry, blacks who've wanted to make it big have had to write with the white world in mind. As Berry reflects in Flanagan's book: "I got some dirty looks in the neighborhood . . . [but] aren't there more white people than black?" When Jackson calls the street kids "nothin'," you can hear him responding to those dirty looks.

There are, of course, other options, even for a black star. Prince's *Purple Rain* was a huge crossover hit in 1984; his artsy, psychedelic follow-up records, *Parade* and *Around the World in a Day*, showed that his initial response, like Jackson's, was to turn inward. Veering away from his own peculiar vein of funky humor, Prince tried for The Big Statement. The music went from rock to jazz, and the audience, for the most part, simply went away.

But Prince has always maintained a sense of community—eccentric as that community might be. His latest release, *Sign O' the Times*, is not only danceable, funny and moving but, surprisingly enough for a record produced almost single-handedly, full of the back and forth banter of neighborhood music. While Jackson withdrew to Hollywood after hitting it big, Prince remained in his hometown, Minneapolis. From his earliest hits, which sold almost exclusively to a black audience, Prince has placed his songs in the context of a racially mixed, sexually active, bohemian community—a sort of updated sixties commune of his own devising. And recently he marked his resolve to stay put by building a giant state-of-the-art recording studio to accommodate the Minneapolis music scene.

Sign O' the Times is full of evidence that Prince hasn't just been listening, as Jackson puts it, to "the man in the mirror." Humor is the key. When Prince announces in his latest hit, "U Got the Look": "Well, here we are, ladies and gentlemen: the dream we all dream of," a female voice in the background cuts the pretension with a muttered, "Oh, please!" And in "Adore," he interrupts a heartfelt pledge of undying devotion to tell his lover: "U could burn up my clothes, smash up my ride, well, maybe not my ride." It isn't that Prince lacks seriousness: The title track from *Sign O' the Times* is as piercing a slice of social commentary to go Top Ten since Marvin Gaye's "What's Going On" or Wonder's "You Haven't Done Nothin'." Unlike Jackson, Prince seems to have a sense of the world outside. Musically, he quotes from Jimi Hendrix, Joni Mitchell, Sly Stone and James Brown in a way that emphasizes his place in a larger pop tradition.

When Jackson talks about Brown, "the Godfather of Soul," it makes for an interesting contrast. He told author Gerri Hirshey, "I think if I look at him on film now, maybe I can understand what I'm all about. You know, why I'm still obsessed with escapism, with getting out of myself." While Prince's wild persona is also a response to the harsh limits of being black in America, it's Jackson's desire to escape altogether that explains the venom in the *Bad* video.

At one point in *Trapped*, Marsh speaks directly to Jackson: "Black rockers, like yourself, keep their eyes so firmly fixed on the present that it's as if you're afraid of being turned into pillars of salt by the searing story of your own cultural development." As the *Bad* video draws to a close, it's clear that Jackson himself is acutely aware of that dilemma. When the Hollywood dancers disappear, the film returns to black and white, and we see Jackson in a freeze-frame, back in street clothes again, deserted by both his old friends and his fantasy dance gang. He stands for a long, long moment, isolated and vulnerable, and then the video ends. Self-pitying and theatrical as this may be, it's still a telling image of Michael Jackson's return to the pop scene, and the paralysis of being caught between two worlds. □

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EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 702*)

minority of the people involved [in the California conference] had at least some acquaintance with the bioregional movement" is a long way from making bioregionalism a major hallmark of the movement. Although many of the people who work on bioregional projects are women (as is the case with most locally based movements), bioregionalism is problematic from an ecofeminist perspective. There are no social ethics in bioregionalism, so there is no a priori commitment to the liberation of women, or to opposing racism or to any other particular program. I am troubled by the underlying anti-intellectualism and antiurbanism (and occasional anticommunism) in the "back to nature" movements. And what about the weak and the strong (physically, socially and economically) within a bioregion? As long as they walk softly on the earth it's O.K. if they stomp hard on one another—as long as the stomper and the stompee are in the same bioregion? As the ecofeminists who conducted the bioregional workshop in California readily acknowledge, bioregionalism is one piece of an overall Green strategy, but it does not in and of itself suggest a structure for a free society, especially for women—the goal of any feminist, eco- and otherwise.

So the major ecofeminist challenge to bioregionalism is the question "Decentralization for what?" and ecofeminists have struggled with sexism within the bioregional movement (as feminists struggle with sexism in all mixed movements). From an ecofeminist perspective, one needs an ecological, social ethic that asserts that some practices are right and others wrong, even if practiced in your own bioregion with agreement among the people there. One can't derive that from bioregionalism, but that is not a problem, from Sale's perspective. Over the years, most recently at a panel at the Socialist Scholars Conference last spring, I have argued several times with Sale about pro-choice politics and bioregionalism. While he is personally pro-choice, he clearly believes that the political priority of the Green movement should be decentralization, regardless of the social consequences for some of the human beings inhabiting a particular bioregion. Other issues that concern me and other ecofeminists (including those who are part of the bioregional movement) about a strategy of decentralization without corresponding social ethics are racism, homophobia and xenophobia. I would like to see Sale and other bioregionalists, especially those who retain some affiliation with the left, take up these issues in a serious way. Sale would be much better equipped to stick to the "hallmarks of bioregionalism"—something he actually knows about—and while he's at it, I'd like to see whether, and how, he accommodates the concerns of biofeminists.

Sale's fourth and final hallmark—the association of ecofeminism with deep ecology—is pernicious, deceptive and self-serving. Sale asserts that there was a "major panel" at the California conference devoted to connecting ecofeminism and deep ecology. Another factual error—there was no such panel. In fact, the one session that dealt explicitly with deep ecology featured a paper by ecofeminist animal rights activist Marti Kheel that critiqued the pro-hunting stance of the deep ecologists and extended this analysis to a full-scale, impressive critique of the implicitly masculinist bias in the theory. The issue was not whether native peoples who are dependent on meat should continue to hunt but whether the privileged, white males of the developed Western countries should go out and kill something *to realize their identities* as natural beings (men)—the latter is the stance of the deep ecologists.

To the uninformed, "deep ecology" merely sounds like a philosophy that is more radical than "shallow environmentalism." In fact, Sale and other deep ecologists emphasize sensibility over structure and, in a move rather like that of the ex-Marxist academic postmodernists, they reject subject, history and human agency as inherently anti-ecological. Ecofeminism shares the project of other feminisms, which seek to draw on women's unarticulated (up until now) life experience to reconstitute the subject, and history, and a nondomineering agency rather than totally discard these modern (and problematic) concepts. The commitment to an ecological humanism is a crucial difference between ecofeminism and deep ecology.

Deep ecology is called by its founder, Arne Naess, "a religious and philosophical movement." And in a recent interview in *Rolling Stone*, Sale corroborated that view. Deep ecology ignores the structures of entrenched economic and political power within society, concentrating exclusively on self-realization and cultural transformation, taking the side of nature over culture, thereby insisting that human beings conform to the laws of nature as understood by deep ecologists. This dualistic thinking is opposed by ecofeminism and by social ecology, both of which assert that the domination of women in society precedes the domination of nonhuman nature and that we must challenge domination within society in order not only to free ourselves but to achieve our ecological objectives.

Deep ecologists have inverted the relationship of domination of people over nature into one of nature over people (which they call "biocentrism"), or, as its political arm says, "Earth First!" This maintains the idea that human beings and nonhuman nature are natural enemies. They completely ignore the fact that human beings are part of nature and evolve out of nonhuman nature, and that human beings have lived in harmony and mutual aid with one another and with nonhuman nature.

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In fact, it should be of interest to *Nation* readers to know that the ecology movement does in fact have a Malthusian wing, which claims deep ecology (with its assertion of authoritarian natural laws) as its philosophy and "Earth First" as its practice. I would like to see Sale and others who uphold deep ecology address explicitly the deep insensitivity to human suffering expressed by David Foreman, a leader of the organization Earth First! in an interview with leading deep ecologist Bull Duvall. Here Foreman asserts, with no refutation from Duvall or any other deep ecologist that I know of, "The human race could go extinct and I for one would not shed any tears." He follows with, "The worst thing we could do in Ethiopia is to give aid—the best thing would be to just let nature seek its own balance, to let the people there just starve there."

And if eco-triage is not enough, he sides with the Reagan Administration against Central American refugees, saying, "Likewise, letting the USA be an overflow valve for problems in Latin America is not solving a thing. It's just putting more pressure on the resources we have in the USA. It is just causing more destruction of our wilderness, more poisoning of water and air, and it isn't helping the problems in Latin America."

This resurgence of social Darwinism, recycled as eco-triage, is advocated by a bunch of guys who have set themselves up as the self-appointed protectors of another virgin—the virgin wilderness. While romancing the wild (they're very fond of backpacking in to where no man has gone before) they claim it as their own. The offensive interview cited above supposedly took place on top of a peak that had been visited by only four other persons in five years. (Obviously the fact that he could get up there gave Foreman's interview greater ecological credibility.) Foreman and his macho crowd (all self-proclaimed deep ecologists) represent nothing more than the Daniel Boone mentality in ecological drag.

The *Earth First!* newspaper, edited by Foreman, also saw fit to print an article called "Population and AIDS" (cutely written by Miss Ann Thropy) which asserts, "If radical environmentalists were to invent a disease to bring human population back to ecological sanity, it would probably be something like AIDS. . . . The only real hope of the continuation of diverse ecosystems on this planet is an enormous decline in human population" and a return to a "hunter-gatherer way of life." It goes on to say that "barring a cure, the possible benefits of this to the environment are staggering. More significantly, just as the Plague contributed to the demise of feudalism, AIDS has the potential to end industrialism, which is the main force behind the environmental crisis." The article concludes, "If the AIDS epidemic didn't exist, radical environmentalists would have to invent one."

Here one sees the political implications of a philosophy utterly bereft of compassion for human beings, with no analysis of U.S. imperialism, corporate capitalism, the debt of the Third World to the First and the enforced growing of cash crops to pay our banks as the causes of famine in the Third World and enormous suffering in Central America. And around the world, feminist research has shown that birth rates are lowest in societies with low child mortality rates, where women have economic and social power. It is pernicious and fascistic to talk about the "population problem" before one addresses the radical social, racial and economic inequities around the world.

Not only should Sale answer to ecofeminism for attempting to associate us with such a philosophy, he should answer to the readers of *The Nation* for using its pages to further a philosophy that has set itself up against the left-ecological-humanist elements within the ecology movement, including ecofeminism. In fact, I think the philosophy of social anarchism is more of a "hallmark" than any of Sale's listed ones. It is the point of common political identification with a left tradition for pagan mystics and secular radicals alike, myself included. The works of social ecologist Murray Bookchin and radical pacifist feminist Barbara Deming, both of whom incorporate socialist anarchist principles, have been especially influential.

Sale missed both the passion of the movement and the social, historical perspective that continues it. He creates an impression of a sentimentalizing religion of earth mothers rather than an urgent, angry critical feminist movement propelled by a powerful sense of historical urgency to end the domination of human over human in order to end the domination of people over nonhuman nature and make possible the continuation of life on earth. Our view is not that we should abolish science but that we should do it in the way that it has been done by the great women scientists Barbara McClintock and Rachel Carson, who demonstrate that there is a connection between loving and knowing—we cannot know nature or ourselves without loving both.

Ynestra King

NOT FOR SALE

San Francisco

Kirkpatrick Sale's ideological commitments distorted his September 26 *Nation* report on ecofeminism in general and the Los Angeles conference last March. A quick reading of Sale's book *Dwellers in the Land* illustrates that Sale's central interests are goddess worship, bioregionalism and deep ecology. But we would strongly question whether these constitute an accurate characterization of ecofeminism.

First, while we would not question or necessarily criticize the presence of wiccan or earth-based kinds of spirituality, these are by no means dependent on propitiating a "goddess" or even "goddesses." And above all, to suggest that a "hallmark of present

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ecofeminist thought" accepts the particular kind of mythology advanced by Sale or Charlene Spretnak—that "hierarchy, domination, exploitation and oppression" emerged only with the evolution of the state and civilization, overthrowing a predominately and "relatively benign, gynocentric" world—is out of place. Not only is this argument simplistic and far from demonstrated by the existing work on the subject, it does not look at men in general or at more complex reasons for male agonist activity or gender and class domination but rather blames the problems of the world on the migration of certain specific warrior-oriented, patriarchal Indo-European tribes during the neolithic period.

Second, though there are tendencies in ecofeminism interested in deep ecology and bioregionalism, there are others as well which Sale ignores. Certainly the kind of radical left-libertarian and direct-action-oriented approach, as demonstrated in the many early and important writings of Ynestra King as well as in the highly innovative group Women for Life on Earth's direct actions at the Pentagon and its moving Unity Statement, never made reference to either deep ecology or bioregionalism. Neither have there been noticeable or even significant self-declared bioregional or deep ecological tendencies or proponents in the Livermore Action Group—noted for its anarcho-pagan feminist presence—nor in the actions and statements of the Greenham Common women or the Seneca Women's Peace Camp. However, these examples do illustrate a crucial element of virtually all ecofeminist tendencies we can think of, one more important than either bioregionalism or deep ecology: peace and antiwar activism, and explicitly a strong and dedicated opposition to the proliferation of nuclear weapons. By the same token, the large conference on feminism and ecology sponsored last fall in West Germany by the Greens also made no explicit reference to either bioregionalism or deep ecology but rather represented the feminist, ecological and socialist politics of the Greens.

At the Los Angeles conference, which one of us attended, a number of "bioregionalist/deep ecologist/ecofeminists" participated in a workshop on reproductive technology and the population question. Arguing from a characteristically neo-Malthusian position, they concluded that a "rational program of sterilization" is the only "logical" solution to severely stressed global resources. This program presumably targets women of color in the Third World and in the United States. This tendency to make such irresponsible pronouncements to an audience almost exclusively white and middle-class is an expression of deep ecology's and bioregionalism's distrust of coalition building. The bioregionalist mold presumes that the only acceptable political and social practices of people of color are accomplished by those who live in the woods, and could imply that those unfortunate women of color who are not primitive and lucky enough to be "at one with nature" are bad moderns, overpopulating already overpopulated subcontinental cities. This position provoked outrage at the workshop.

Sharon Helsel
John Ely

SALE REPLIES

New York City

On matters of fact, which do not seem to play a very large part in these invectives, let me say:

§ I took the Irene Diamond quotation from *Synthesis*, No. 25, of July 1987, where it is so attributed, and only later discovered that it had made a mistake because Diamond had in fact been reading Grace Paley's text to the gathering.

§ The schedule of events I have for the Los Angeles conference lists as the first of the "workshops and panels" for March 28 one on "Ecofeminism, Deep Ecology, and Moral Theory," and I was told that such an event did take place.

§ An accurate and less quick reading of *Dwellers in the Land* will show that it is about bioregionalism, not "goddess worship," and has nothing to say about deep ecology at all.

§ The *Rolling Stone* article is not based on any interview I ever granted but on a muddle-headed and distorted account of events at a Green conference a year ago, and I did not say anything at all corroborating Arne Naess.

On matters of substance, it seems clear that there are, legitimately, several different perspectives on ecofeminism and several different ways to emphasize its important features, but hardly any reason to use intemperate and scurrilous tones in talking about such disagreements. I agree with Sharon Helsel and John Ely that I failed to put sufficient emphasis on peace and antiwar activism as an important part of ecofeminist development, and I am sure Ynestra King is right in pointing out that there are many who call themselves ecofeminists who do not identify with all the particulars I emphasized.

It is disappointing that these letter-writers display such a great misunderstanding about, and profound ignorance of, both bioregionalism and deep ecology, and perhaps I should make it a point to discuss both subjects at length in future "Cutting Edge" articles. But at the very least they should understand that there is no bioregional "mold" or deep ecology "position" of the kind they seem to imagine, no politburo making pronouncements for either movement; it would be no more sensible to suppose that all bioregionalists agree with *my* interpretations of bioregionalism than to suppose that all deep ecologists would agree with everything Dave Foreman says. There are in both movements a lot of people with many different perspectives, trying to think about ways to think about saving the earth, not one of whom deserves to be trashed.

Kirkpatrick Sale

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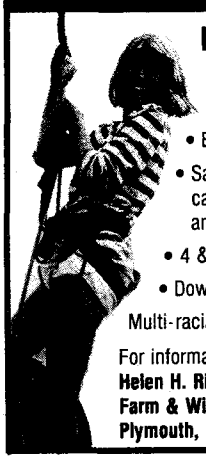

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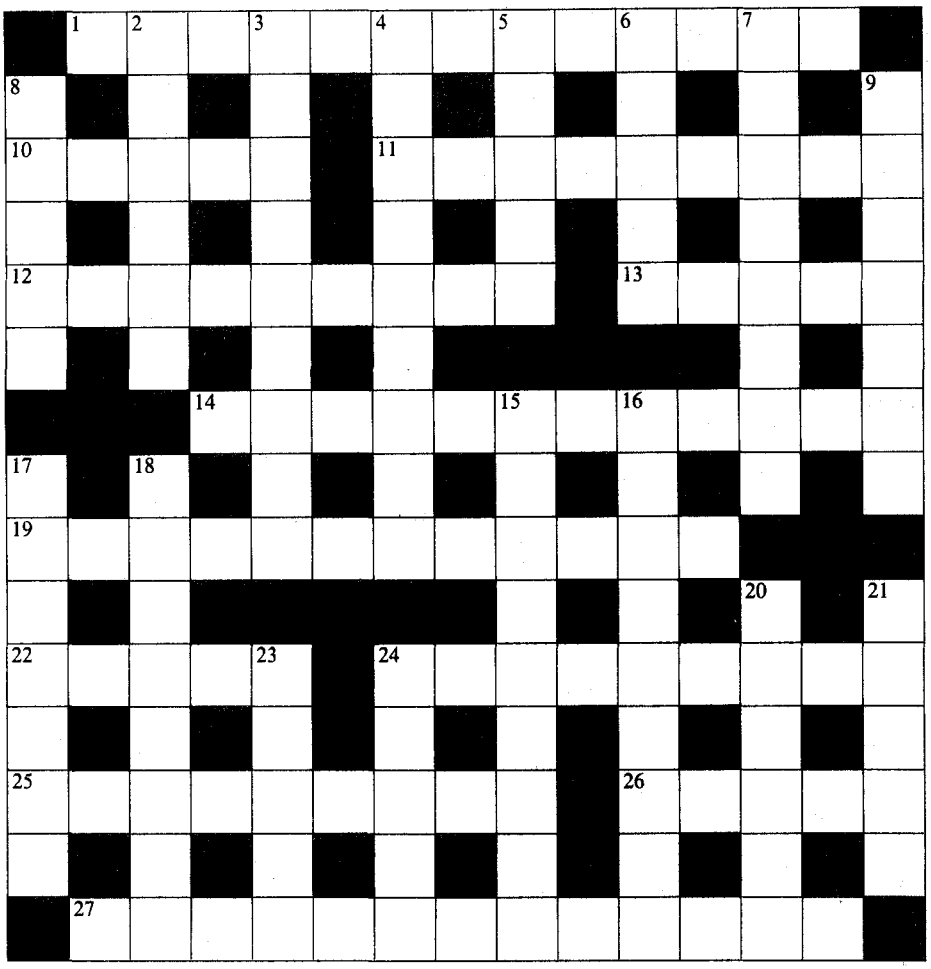
■	■	A	■	S	■	M	■	N	■	E	■	I	■	R
T	A	K	E	■	A	B	A	C	K	■	S	E	A	T
U	■	E	■	E	■	A	■	L	■	W	■	T	■	E
C	E	N	T	A	U	R	■	A	L	A	S	A	N	D
K	■	I	■	T	■	G	■	V	■	L	■	R	■	U
S	A	N	D	S	T	O	N	E	■	L	A	Y	U	P

LOCAL ONE AMALGAMATED LITHOGRAPHERS UNION LABEL NEW YORK X-523

Crossword Puzzle No. 2176

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A strange Nile type calls peevishly. (13)
10 Have importance, being of noble blood. (5)
11 Straighten out a tangle in a Nevada town, with style. (9)
12 How I loathe what I pay for my apartment! It's disgusting! (9)
13 Found in the pretty rolling countryside of Europe. (5)
14 A role here in France heads the combination, and gets involved. (12)
19 Name-calling? (12)
22 Make an affirmative gesture in return, or find the giver. (5)
24 The revelers take a taxi back, with rather monotonous singing. (9)
25 Not ninety—not exactly—not really anything! (9)
26 Put the boat in order, otherwise you'll have real hardship! (5)
27 A false note, and it came as a way to make the area safe! (13)

DOWN

2 Quiet drinker, at a place where men or women stay which is luxurious. (6)
3 Retain 10 in a new way to give a party. (9)
4 Basic confusion of the general with the intellectual.
5 Still to be found in finer times. (5)
6 Separate, at about the average value. (5)
7 Alien visitor comes up after luminous time, as one can read. (8)
8 Just a bit of a fight! (5)
9 Comparitively speaking, Polyphemus had one. Finally, he was completely so! (7)
15 Stay c-calm when in trouble! It's a devastating thing! (9)
16 Dear in France, perhaps Eva gets around it, being a horsey type. (9)
17 Any done incorrectly might reduce the suffering. (7)
18 Such high position goes to an inn emcee! (Was this one Grise, nee Mince?) (8)
20 Sounds like a dark time for a chivalrous example. (6)
21 Great interest may be taken in such. (5)
23 The movement of 22, possibly. (5)
24 What Jack did to the house, but only around the Italian. (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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UFCW

Making a Difference...

For Low-Paid Workers

"When the hard-working people in Mississippi's growing catfish processing industry wanted a union to improve their living and working conditions, they looked to the United Food & Commercial Workers.

These workers, most of them black women, wanted a democratic union with the clout to negotiate a contract in the Delta where unions are few and far between. With pay at the minimum wage, little opportunity for promotion, and no pension, the catfish workers wanted a better future for themselves and their families.

Most of all, they sought dignity. They wanted to be treated like human beings, not like part of their plants' machinery. They wanted courtesies most Americans take for granted—such as time to go to the bathroom and doors on bathroom stalls.

Catfish workers are like many others in today's economy who are looking to the UFCW to help them out of the trap of poverty which is compounded by a lack of benefits most Americans receive from their employers. Hispanic poultry workers in the Sacramento Valley and their black counterparts on Maryland's Eastern Shore and nursing home workers in Birmingham, Alabama and around the country are just some of the low-paid workers who've become members of the UFCW in search of a better future.

Often, the hard labor of these workers is further demeaned by oppressive employer policies, reinforced by reactionary community attitudes and complicated by language and cultural barriers.

The UFCW is proud of its organizing record throughout North America, but we take special pride in bringing the benefits of union membership to the lowest paid and most oppressed workers in our society.

The UFCW's efforts are paying off for these workers in union contracts that will make a real difference in the quality of their lives for themselves and their families—now and in the future."

William H. Wynn
International President

The UFCW, 1.3 million members strong, making a difference for workers, community and country.

United Food & Commercial Workers
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